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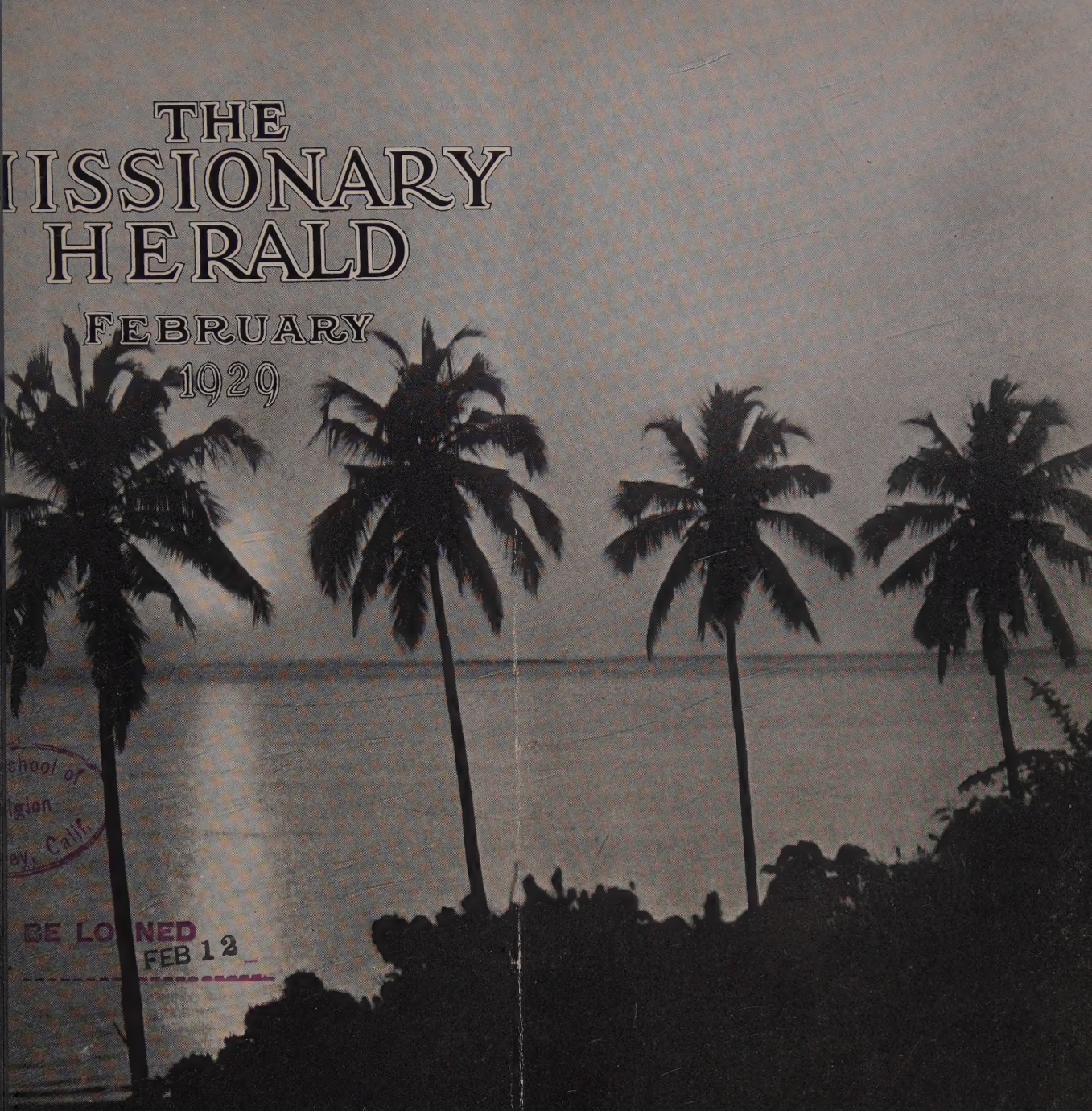

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AN INHAMBANE VIEW
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

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Vol. CXXV FEBRUARY, 1929 No. 2

CONTENTS

COVER. Inhambane View — Photograph by Rev. Frank S. Tucker

EDITORIAL

A Volunteer for P. E. A. 51

ARTICLES

Two African Leaders. By Rev. Harwood B. Catlin . . . 52

At Inhambane. By Dr. James B. McCord 55

The Story of Elija—An Inhambane Man. By Mrs. James Gray . 57

The Creation. By James Weldon Johnson. From "God's Trombones" 59

The Lure of Portuguese East Africa. By George A. Wilder . 61

Machemeje: Who Put it on the Map? By Secretary Patton . . 63

How We Found It. By Rev. Fred R. Bunker . 65

Kamba Simango: Fairfield's Representative. By Rev. Fred R. Bunker 66

Progress in Turkey: Miss Emerson's Impressions; Miss Seabury Listens in 68

Women's Past and Future at Cheeloo. By Luella Miner . . 70

Messages from the Golden Jubilee of Essex South Branch W. B. M. 72

HERALD REVIEW QUESTIONS 69

THE HOME BASE 74

THE BOOKSHELF 76

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS 78

AROUND THE WORLD 81

PERSONALIA 83

THE CHRONICLE 86

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WATER CARRIERS OF INHAMBANE

A VOLUNTEER FOR P. E. A.

"Not Charity, but a Chance"

A GOOD man offers himself for one of the Board's most alluring yet discouraging fields. He is no recruit, but a missionary of eight years' standing. He feels the tug of Portuguese East Africa because the mantle of Dr. Fred Bridgman has fallen upon him. After the latter died, our volunteer went to Johannesburg and there fell among the Inhambane boys converted at the mines. The rest was almost a foregone conclusion: his interest was captured; his heart too. He found that he had to follow his friends back to their homes and stand by them in their effort to build up Christian communities in the midst of almost unbelievable heathenism.

The need undoubtedly has gripped him. Visiting the field just before coming home on furlough, he saw with his own eyes the gross heathenism, the pitiful ignorance, the dire poverty of Portuguese East Africa. "I saw nothing," he tells us, "in Natal or Zululand to compare with practices which are openly to be seen daily among the natives of Inhambane. Witch doctors ply their activities right by the side of the road. I have seen men and women trembling with fear in the hands of one of these witch doctors as a bird trembles when fascinated by a snake. Degrading customs are so powerful that our native Christian friends feel that they must establish separate villages if their lives are going to conform to the principles of the gospel."

"Then, too, there is the pitiful ignorance of the people of Portuguese East Africa. With the exception of the few trained leaders, like Likumbi and Yingwani, the most educated man among those we are responsible for is but a graduate of a Johannesburg compound night school. Unless we can do something for them, helping them train teachers, for example, they will continue ignorant; for they cannot raise themselves by their own boot straps. They are too poor to provide their own means of education. The average monthly wage of a man is only a dollar, if he gets it. The women have practically no means of earning money for themselves."

As our volunteer talked of the economic, intellectual, social and religious poverty of those hundreds of thousands of people in Portuguese East Africa, we could see why he felt that he must give them whatever assistance lay in his power. It was the appeal of weakness to strength, of helplessness to competence, of poverty to wealth, of ignorance to enlightenment; in short, the appeal of the man left for dead on the Jericho road to the Good Samaritan. His response was not an emotional reaction to a high-power platform address, but a settled determination based upon first-hand observation and experience.

Our friend is assured that in Portuguese East Africa his life by no means will be wasted. He has seen enough of the few native Christians there to believe that they are real leaven, and that given time—and support—they will introduce into their country a much better state of affairs. He likes the marvelous use that they make of the resources that they happen to have. He admires particularly their aggressive, belligerent spirit against evil.

But our friend does not refer alone to men like Mazibe or Likumbi and Yingwani, the acknowledged spiritual leaders of the people, but to men like Elija and to many of the rank and file who have brought back their Christian zeal from Johannesburg and are serving as soldiers of the Living God under rather untoward conditions.

"But you don't need to doubt the welcome that missionaries will receive from the natives of Portuguese East Africa," he added. "Just remember the joy of the Christians at Inhambane when the Tuckers arrived. It was one long series of thanksgiving services. After nine years of prayer to God and to the American Board for missionary supervision, they found their petitions answered, at least in part. Sometimes the joy took the form of applause. Sometimes they leaped into the air with delight. At other times they showed their gratitude in gifts of fowl, produce, goats and wild antelope. The seventy-five Christian villages that had sprung up all over the Inhambane district, the fruit of the evangelistic work at Johannesburg, could now have personal touch with the Christians of America, could have a powerful representative at court, as well as a chance to educate their children and to lay deep, abiding foundations for the future. If any people ever wanted missionaries, they are to be found in Portuguese East Africa, and I desire to be one of those missionaries. This is not charity, but a chance."

So, though Harwood B. Catlin knows the financial limitations of the Board, the discouraging history of our missionary work in Portuguese East Africa, and the difficulties in the way of establishing a strong, vital Protestant mission work in that territory, he yet makes his offer in good faith and with a contagious enthusiasm,—while his wife stands loyally behind him in it all.

This is not an isolated case, of course. Mr. Catlin says, as he knows, that there are others in his own Mission, as in Rhodesia, who have long wanted to give their lives in behalf of the people of Portu-

guese East Africa; in fact, not a few have volunteered for this work in the past, and some have at times actually "burned out for Christ" in that difficult field, notably Messrs. Bunker and the lamented Maxwell at Beira, while the Tuckers are now at Inhambane, the Dysarts and Miss Clark at Gogoi, with Kamba Simango and others hoping to open up Machimeje not far away.

Mr. Catlin's offer of himself is merely another strong indication that there is something in the tug of the need and opportunity of Portuguese East Africa. We wonder if God is not behind it all; for how otherwise could this urge for service in that particular part of Africa have been so irresistibly felt by some of our best men during the past forty years?

TWO AFRICAN LEADERS

By HARWOOD BALDWIN CATLIN

IN the olden days every tribe in Portuguese East Africa was against every other and called its members by a name corresponding to our word "Gentiles" or "barbarians." Nothing is more characteristic of African life than this intertribal warfare. It has been the favorite outdoor sport for generations. The natural attitude of any native toward another tribe is that of hostility. But intertribal warfare is fast disappearing, due on the one hand to the strong arm of Governments, and on the other, to the constructive influence of Christianity. In the Union of South Africa, for example, the native leaders who are Christian are striving to the utmost to bring in a better state of affairs. They realize that this is one of the handicaps to progress. One of these leaders is Rev. Zakeu Likumbi, who says:

"My father went out against the Tshopis to fight. I go to the Tshopis to win them to Jesus Christ."

What is a better expression of the attitude of the Christian leaders of the Inhambane district toward other tribes, and what is more expressive of the power of the gospel?

Likumbi is about to give up his work in Inhambane, but his influence will long abide. It has been constructive to the last degree. Converted while a young man in Johannesburg, he changed from being a leader in the wild native dances in the compounds to being one of the most zealous and successful evangelists in our whole work. After training in the Theological School, then at Impolweni, Natal, he was ordained and sent into Inhambane to serve as a missionary supervisor of his own people, the Vatswa. For five years he has done this work with conspicuous fidelity, being the beloved leader of the thousands of Christians, both in Inhambane and in Johannesburg, connected with this phase of the work.

Mr. Likumbi has practically taken the place of a missionary. His has been the responsibility for organizing and directing the work in his part of Portuguese East Africa. He has been the man to receive the funds to pay the evangelists their meager pittance—ten shillings a month on an average. His has been the responsibility for keeping them together in the face of great discouragement and even of hostility at times when evangelists

A Gospel Band at the Mines
Evangelist Likumbi (extreme right) leads his Inhambane singers in the compounds.

LIKUMBI AND HIS FAMILY AT HOME AT MHEHO

were imprisoned by Government and sent away as soldiers to other parts of Portuguese territory.

And now he has to ask for his transfer because of failing health. Afflicted with diabetes, he cannot follow in P. E. A. the diet prescribed, but must go where he does not have to live a life of constant travel. He returns to the comparatively more settled life of the Transvaal area where he will be in charge of the church at State Mine No. 1.

Likumbi's successor is James Yingwani, another Inhambane boy. He is about thirty years of age, has had three years' training in the Theological School at Amanzimtoti, and after two years' service in the Transvaal has received ordination.

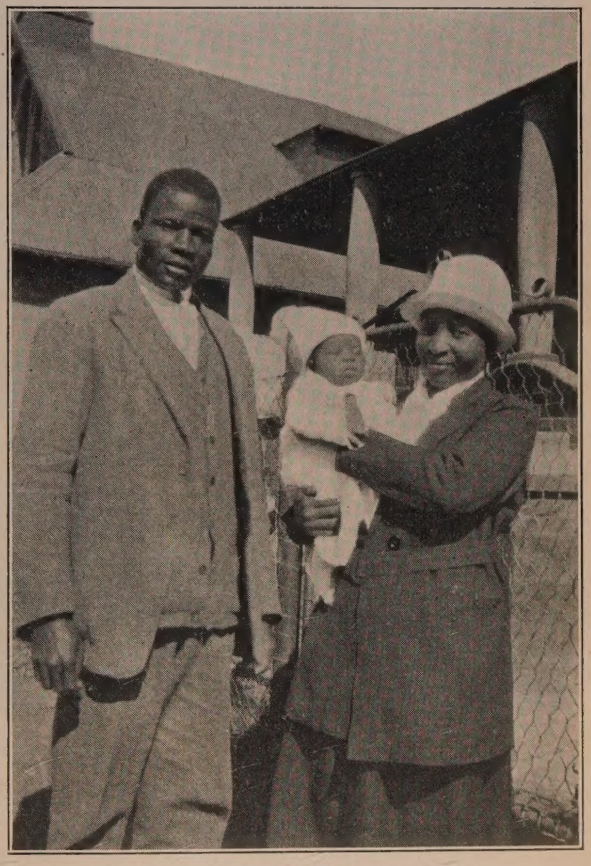
When Yingwani left the Seminary, he came to me asking permission to go down to Inhambane to look after his domestic affairs. We had heard that the woman to whom he was married by heathen rites, had proved unfaithful to him. He wanted to go and investigate the truth of the rumors. He was gone for some time. He came back with the marks of a titanic moral struggle on his face. He found that the rumors were only too true. After exerting every effort to reconcile his wife, and win her to the Christian ways, without success, he carried the matter to the Portuguese Administrator, who released him from this marriage. He then returned to work among his own people in the gold mines in the Transvaal.

After a year or so, Yingwani announced to me, as his missionary and in place of his father, his intention of marrying a Zulu whom we had known, a graduate of Inanda, a splendid cook and housekeeper, a most promising helpmeet. They now are in Inhambane at work, Mrs. Yingwani following in the footsteps of Mrs. Likumbi, also a Zulu, as a real missionary to the people of another tribe than her own. And as for their little one, Miss Ruth Cowles, an expert on babies, fairly raves over it.

It is quite fitting that the Zulus should have a share in the work in Portuguese East Africa, for this is generally recognized as the missionary field of the Zulu churches. The Zulus have an intense interest in Likumbi and other leaders and in the progress of the work of the churches at Inhambane. For many years, too, they have considered the work of the Rhodesia Mission as a part of their field, and have sent there many workers. They have a regular annual contribution which they call "Malihambe," "Let the gospel go." Likumbi's salary is paid out of this fund, as well as that of Evangelist Paul Mahange, and every year he goes down to Natal to report in person on the progress of the work. His addresses are looked forward to with eager interest, and often they have been the high water mark of the annual meetings of the Zulus.

When Mrs. Likumbi reported one year on her experiences with ocean travel, struggles with a strange language, acquisition of the customs of the people, etc., I was forcibly impressed by the fact that she too was a real missionary. Her report had all the points of one brought to America by a missionary from China or India.

But speaking of wives for the Vatswa evangelists in the Inhambane region, while the most advanced ones, who have studied in Natal, or have worked for long years in the Transvaal, have almost all



PASTOR YINGWANI, WIFE AND CHILD

chosen Zulu wives largely because there is no chance to choose Vatswa wives of sufficient training for leadership among their own people, the girls of the constituency there will some day secure the education that the Zulu girls have and will then take their rightful places in the homes and in the lives of the Christian leaders of that field. The lack of educated young women must be met somehow. We have taken the first step in this direction by introducing four girls into the Methodist Episcopal School on Inhambane Bay. We hope that this coöperative activity will be extended so that still more of our girls can have the same opportunity. The people of Inhambane have such promise that if we can find the means of getting our boys and girls properly trained, there is no reason to believe that the entire community from Inhambane Bay to Beira on the Buzi will not experience a wonderful uplift.

We have sent Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker to confirm and establish these sturdy, faithful and enthusiastic leaders and scores like them, and to guide and direct the rank and file. But these, our missionaries, and little year-old Baby Helen Frances have at the present time no place to set the sole of their foot. There is no friendly Government ready to grant thousands of acres to us as civilizing agents, as was done in Natal. Rather we must buy, as we have done further North. We cannot even build a mission residence until land has been secured. Our first duty is to bend every effort to locate and purchase a suitable site for our Mission headquarters. Progress in Inhambane depends upon that.

Photo by F. S. Tucker

WELCOMING THE NEW MISSIONARY

A part of the crowd that gathered to inspect the new family from America, to listen to the speeches delivered on the occasion of the welcome given Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, and to express their gratitude for the answer to their repeated petitions for a missionary at Inhambane.

AT INHAMBANE

By JAMES BENNETT McCORD, M.D.

of Durban

AS our sail rowboat approached the low cocoanut palm-fringed shore of Inhambane Bay we saw men, women and children coming out to us across a hundred yards of wet sand and shallow water, singing as they came. They were from Manje, the Christian village on the Bay. They surrounded our boat; caught up our baggage and put it on their heads; caught us up and put us on their shoulders; and, still singing, bore us in triumph to the shore.

This region of Inhambane, overlooking the Indian Ocean, is within a thousand miles of Johannesburg and thousands of the Inhambane young men go to Johannesburg every year to work in the mines. Many of these young men find in the mine compounds a half-way house to the infernal regions. Many have found salvation in our mission churches in Johannesburg and have carried the good news to the people at home. Hence the group of Christians who met and greeted us when we appeared in response to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" For the seed had fallen on good ground, had sprung up, and now promised a wonderful harvest. But oh, the weeds!

We held our first meeting here that evening when the whole village assembled for the daily service in their chapel of poles and reeds. There were about seventy-five people present, some sitting on benches, but most of them on the earth floor; all were singing at the top of their voices. The singing was characterized by energy and enthusiasm; perhaps there was melody in it too; I don't know; I am not a musician myself. Three candles on the pulpit gave us light. The people sat in darkness, physical darkness, seeking spiritual light. Addressing seventy-five pairs of eyes gleaming from shadowy forms barely seen against a black background was weird indeed.

On Monday morning donkeys and carriers came and we started out to attend the annual meeting of the churches at Mheho, another village in Portuguese East Africa, 18 miles inland. About a mile from Mheho we were met by a large group of evangelists singing "Hosee! Hosee! Hallelujah! (Glory! Glory! Hallelujah)." As we passed they closed in behind us, and we marched on to Mheho to the strains of the grand old hymn.

And the little donkeys we were riding plodded along patiently as though nothing were happening.

As we drew near the village the delegates who had already arrived turned out to meet us, gave us three cheers, and joined in the singing. We felt as if we really must be Somebodies!

During the next two days and nights groups of from five to fifty people kept walking in from villages anywhere up to a hundred miles distant. They carried their babies on their backs; they carried their food and beds and chairs on their heads; finally, every big spreading cashew tree in the settlement sheltered its group of campers.

And then we had the big meeting, a thousand people under a giant tree with wide-spreading branches. And there were speeches, and the people brought presents, and the big heathen chief came with his retainers and took a front seat until the penitents came forward in such numbers that he became embarassed and with a sheepish grin picked up his mat and took a back seat.

SACRIFICES AND SUCCESSES OF INHAMBANE EVANGELISTS

The most important event of the whole meeting was our conference with the evangelists. They were bright, vivacious, jolly young fellows, very devout and earnest and very enthusiastic. In Johannesburg they could have commanded wages

OVERFLOW AT INHAMBANE CHURCH SERVICE
Notice the listeners at every window

of from $20 to $25 a month. Here, two of them as evangelists were getting $5 a month, twenty-eight were getting $2.50 a month, sixteen were getting $5 a year, and twenty-two were getting nothing at all except the satisfaction of good work well done. This last is sometimes exhilarating, but not very nourishing.

The people at Inhambane become converted as families, and as a family becomes Christian it takes up its residence in the village of the evangelist. So an evangelist's success is measured by the size of the village he presides over.

Each evangelist was examined as to his success during the past year. Had he a license from the Government to preach? How many houses had he in his village? How many church members? How many class members? How many in his school? How many baptisms had there been? What were the collections? One "optimist" reported: no license to preach; no salary; one church member; no class members; no scholars; no baptisms; no chapel; one house in his village; a year's collections of eighteen cents. He had but recently begun his work and hoped for great things. Most of the evangelists had eight, ten, or more houses in their villages; there were twenty-eight at Manje and thirty-eight church members.

THE METHODIST SCHOOL AT INHAMBANE

These are the buildings of the Hartzell Girls' School at "Jerusalem," near Gikuki on Inhambane Bay. It is named after Bishop Hartzell and is supported by the Methodist Episcopal Board in New York. Some of the girls from the American Board field are studying at this school.

THE TROUBLES OF THE EVANGELISTS

Then we had an open forum and the evangelists told us of their troubles: the difficulty of getting a license to preach; their inability to get books for their schools; the lack of supervision; the difficulty of paying a tax of $7.50 a year out of a salary, in some cases, of $5 a year, or out of nothing a year. It takes *some* financier to do that!

HE GOT THEIR GOAT

This is one of the goats presented by the native Christians of Inhambane to Mr. and Mrs. Tucker as an expression of joy over their coming to live among them. These are the leaders of the Mbilane village. This is no cheap gift. It represents one hundred per cent gratitude and not a little sacrifice. It is rather significant that the donor of the gift is seen upon his knees.

They were all agreed that with a resident missionary all their troubles would come to an end—a resident missionary and just a little financial aid to keep things running smoothly. When they put the question fairly to us:

"When are you going to come up here and give us effective help?" we missionaries of course couldn't answer; but from that time on we had to use all our diplomacy to be sympathetic and at the same time non-committal.

The morning we left Mheho the evangelists felt that it was their last chance to get a promise from the American Board through its representatives, so they talked and talked. It was explained that their request would be forwarded to Boston, and

we tried to be on our way, but they followed along crying,

"Wait a bit; we have something more to say."

They wanted an assurance that we could not give. We finally broke away and left them hopeful and the Board not committed to any definite promise.

BRINGING THE STORY UP TO DATE

That was four years ago. Since then an answer has been given in part. The Tuckers are at Inhambane, and the evangelists are happy.

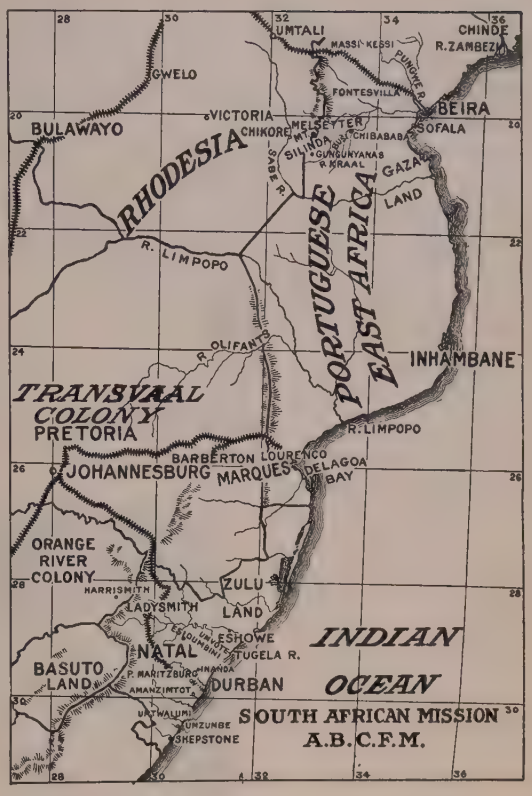
We still need schoolbooks, however, for the children and a schoolhouse here and there—though that is not so very essential as there are trees under which pupils can study. We need something for the evangelists to live on. We need school-teachers and a training school for the teachers.

But where are the funds to throw into a school and where are the teachers? There are none; and the Board is so hard put to it to keep the old work going that it hesitates to undertake new obligations no matter how great the opportunities.

Once upon a time, long long ago, when I was in college, the Salvation Army came to town and sang:—

"We'll roll the old chariot along and we won't hang on behind."

Let us call the American Board "The Old Chariot," and let us sing from our hearts and all together:—



"We'll roll the Old Chariot along and we won't hang on behind."

THE STORY OF ELIJA—AN INHAMBANE MAN

By MRS. JAMES GRAY

Mrs. Gray, now the wife of a Presbyterian minister in Johannesburg, is the daughter of Rev. Josiah Tyler, one of the Board's first missionaries to South Africa, and the granddaughter of the first President of Hartford Theological Seminary.

ON my return from a six months' trip I wrote to my cook Charlie, who had gone home ill in April, that he must come to me in October as he had promised; he had assured me that he would be ready for work after a rest. Three letters and a telegram brought no response from him, so I was glad to hear from Rev. Harwood B. Catlin of an exceedingly good East Coast man looking for work.

Elija came, and the minute we saw him we felt we wanted him. He was tall, dark brown, very clean, had beautiful teeth, a smiling, good-natured mouth, an exceedingly courteous manner, and a most polite attitude. He made me feel I must "sit up." There was really something quite superior and courtly in his address.

"Can you speak English?" we asked.

"Only little, but I learn it quick."

"Can you speak Zulu?"

"A little, and I learn that too."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, but I cook only Portuguese. I don't know how to cook American."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"Yes, a little bit; you can try me."

"How about housework?"

"That I know and I can learn more."

Well, all was satisfactory and we arranged wages and a sleeping room. At once we "took to" Elija. He was so ready, so very pleasant, so willing. He did everything with such a happy spirit, and never resented a correction of any kind. He seemed always ready to do a little more. He had a keen sense of humor, and was also quite a mimic. After having a talk with Mr. Catlin he would draw himself up and in tone and gesture would resemble

his beloved missionary. Once stray cats and fowls got into the garden and my husband shooed them out in stentorian tones. Later Elija had occasion to do the same and his imitation was quite unmistakable.

I soon discovered his longings and desires. He was eager to learn to read and write, to know English and Zulu, and I was ready to teach him every evening. He was most considerate, and if I was tired would offer to give up his evening lesson. He came to morning prayers, soon could follow the Zulu readings, and we gave him a Zulu Bible.

One day I asked about his life. As a little boy he was sent to work for a German woman who was very strict and stern with him, often beat him severely, boxed his ears and struck him with a cane. He tended her little boy, cleaned the house, and learned to cook. When he was older he was taken into the store to sweep and to run errands; he had to work incessantly and was often paid in cigarettes and wine instead of money. He had a very hard time, but "Now I think it was good; I did learn to obey and to be very quick," he added.

Elija and Family

Then he met some Christian boys and young men and was greatly interested. He grew up and married a Christian girl, built a small house and associated with Christian people. His German master having left the country he got work with an Arab fisherman and later with an Arab merchant.

In 1921 Dr. Frederick B. Bridgman went to Inhambane, and, gathering a group of young men, began instructing them in the Word of God. That must have been a wonderful series of lessons, for though Elija could not read he knew about Noah, about Joseph, about David, about the prophets—especially Elijah—about the Pentateuch and Moses, the Israelites, the Exodus. There was not a parable nor miracle that he did not seem to know, while the story of Christ's life was to him all-powerful, beautiful and soul-convincing. When Dr. Bridgman had talked to his pupils about following Christ and had described the joy of a Christlike life, he had told them that there was much to be given up: all gambling and drinking, all foul practices, all cheating and lying, all adultery and vile living; but that there was much to gain. Elija said he was convinced that to follow Christ was far better and made for more peace and joy than living the life of a heathen.

"I gave up all for Christ—wine, cigarettes, gambling—all bad customs that did not help, and I began to try to follow Christ."

One day we were reading the thirteenth chapter of Matthew and I spoke of the man who sought goodly pearls; I said Christ valued the human soul more than the pearl merchant his greatest treasure. Elija was much impressed. He knew about pearls. He had seen the Arabs get them from the pearl oysters and understood how valuable a large pearl would be.

"Does Jesus love me more than the merchant loves a great pearl? How wonderful!"

After that there seemed to be a new dignity and seriousness about him, as if he must show the Lord that His great sacrifice had not been in vain.

"Where is Elija?" recently asked my Dutch neighbor to whom all black people were "just niggers."

"He has gone home."

"Oh, what a fine boy he was! He was a perfect gentleman, so trustworthy and so polite. It made me feel better to see him. He was a real Christian."

Such testimony from a Boer woman meant a great deal. A Scotch parishioner to whom all black people are "filthy dirty Kaffirs" said to me.

"Where is Elija? What a good boy he seemed. I've never seen one that I felt was like him."

The children in Sunday School were eager to talk to him and liked to see his pleasant smile; the church officers all praised him for keeping the church so clean.

In the house it was as if some one who walked close to Christ were present. He worked very hard; sometimes he was not well and was very homesick, but he never seemed dejected or sullen, only very quiet. He joined the Bantu Men's Social Center, but did not take much interest in games and pastimes; he wanted to learn to read his Bible in English and in Zulu. He practiced writing in copybooks and had arithmetic with me.

At Christmas time he sent a box of clothing to his wife, his two children, and two adopted children, and every one of our friends was glad to add some gift. When Mr. Catlin, who took the parcel, came back he said,

"Elija's wife has sent you a present."

I opened a small matchbox, unfolded a rag, and saw six pearls! They mean much to me.

THE CREATION

A Negro Sermon

By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

Reprinted from "God's Trombones," Seven Negro Sermons in Verse—By James Weldon Johnson—By permission of the Viking Press (New York) and the author

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
"I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun ablazing in the heav'ns.
And the light that was left for making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God Himself stepped down
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And He spat out the seven seas;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;
He clapped His hands and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms,
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,
And the rivers ran down to the sea;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appear'd,
And curled itself round His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, "Bring forth! Bring forth!"
And quicker than God could drop His hand
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,
And He looked at His little stars;
He looked on His world
With all its living things,
And God said, "I'm lonely still."

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, "I'll make me a man!"

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the Great God Almighty
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image.

Then into it He blew the breath of life;
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.

BURDEN BEARERS OF PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

There is something rather fascinating about this picture. We cannot quite describe it. Is it the thoughtful look on the faces turned toward the light?

THE LURE OF PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

BY GEORGE ALBERT WILDER

Dr. Wilder was born in Africa of missionary parentage. He grew up in the Zulu field, was one of the pioneers of the Rhodesia field, and for years has worked for the occupation of the Portuguese field just over the line from his station. When he refers to the Lime Cliffs he means Machemeje.

FIRST comes the old call for help that Umzila sent over fifty years ago from his kingdom which embraced most of Portuguese East Africa south of the Zambezi. In the early seventies he and his head men appealed, through a deputation sent to Natal, for missionaries to help his people. The call was repeated to Mr. Richards in 1880, when he reached Umzila's kingdom. This appeal, so far as I am aware, is the first and only appeal from a savage chief to the Christian world to send him missionaries. A veritable Ethiopian stretching forth his hands to God! Can any more alluring appeal be imagined than this? Yet after nearly sixty years only one station is found in that part of his dominions now known as Mozambique Company's territory.

In the year 1880 Myron W. Pinkerton tried to answer the call and his lone grave on the Gubula, right in the heart of the Mozambique Company's territory, cries to you for help.

The journeys of Jordan and Richards in 1880, of Bates and Wilder in 1888, of Thompson and Wilcox in 1890, of Thompson, Bunker and Wilder in 1892, up and down this great territory, and the more than a dozen journeys made by the missionaries from Silinda, all gave great information in

regard to the land and its people, showing it to be ready for occupation.

In spite of spasmodic efforts at Beira and the recently opened station at Gogoi (Gogoyo), the large number of "best Christians" which the Rhodesian Branch has produced came from this Portuguese territory. Gangeni, the first Ndau to be ordained to the Christian ministry, came from near the Lime Cliffs (Machemeje—Ed.). Kamba Simango comes from the region near the mouth of the Sabi in Portuguese territory. This ought to be a strong inducement to develop the lowlands. If Kamba succeeds, it will mean much towards solving the question of a self-supporting native church.

This Portuguese country in East Africa for especial reasons supplies a very large number of laborers in the gold mines of Johannesburg, where many of the native miners are brought to a knowledge of Christ by our workers there. These laborers, when they return to their homes in the Portuguese lands, will be prevented from lapsing into heathenism if they find there missionaries working for their Christian development.

Again, the language in all this territory is mostly a mere dialectic variation of the language in which are issued the books by the Mission at Silinda; and, in point of fact, these have been in use in Mozambique Company's territory from the inception of the work.

Another reason why there is an especial attractiveness to the field in Portuguese East Africa is the fact that the land at and around the two stations there, namely, Gogoi and Lime Cliffs, is privately owned by the Board and its friends.

Jesus Christ came to a civilized, God-fearing people. A missionary to the primitive African soon finds that his converts have absolutely nothing economically, intellectually and spiritually to help them in their efforts to follow in the footsteps of the Master. "Take up your cross and follow me" needs demonstration to these savage converts. It is not enough for them that they have learned how to die; they must be taught how to live! Here is one of the most difficult problems before the African missionary. He must provide a home for the runaway girls, trying to escape the cruelties of the institutions connected with polygamy. He must have an asylum for the converts who are persecuted by the heathen chiefs and their people. He must have land that Christians may occupy without being subjected to the exorbitant and unjust demands which the foreign colonists and hostile officials are constantly making on the unprotected native population.

Privately owned locations on which the missionary can build industrial, educational and spiritual agencies, are necessary for the establishment of the characters of the primitive converts. Unless the Mission owns the lands on which the stations stand, it is at a great disadvantage. Even in the Natal field, which is blessed by being surrounded by immense government grants, the work is hindered by political agencies.

The marked development of the Christian communities at Mt. Silinda and Chikore is largely due to the fact that the Board is absolute owner of the lands surrounding these stations to the extent of something less than thirty thousand acres. Many missionaries and most public officials do not approve of a sudden or complete severance of the African from his own national institutions. But these well meaning objectors forget that there is absolutely nothing economically, intellectually or spiritually uplifting in the primitive African's life. There is nothing more economical nor sensible than to make a Christian civilized man out of the African just as soon as possible. As has been abundantly proved, there is no place where this can be so effectively and speedily accomplished as upon these privately owned Mission farms. The development of these then offers a most alluring field for the missionary and his supporters.

Furthermore, on the two farms of the Board, at Gogoi and at the Lime Cliffs, there are unusual opportunities for industrial training. Effective water power is at hand for running machinery and for irrigation. The lands are exceedingly rich and otherwise well adapted for raising rubber, coffee, tea, sugar cane, cocoanut palms, rice. The Lime Cliffs seem to make it possible to produce at a low cost lime and probably cement. Finally, such stations as these ought to appeal to the thoughtful giver, for they make it possible for the Mission to dispose of these lands to the converts in small individual holdings, a consummation most devoutly to be desired but as yet little appreciated even by the Board's officials.

All the foregoing opportunities, if effectively met, will assist materially in developing a self-supporting and self-propagating African Church.

LIMESTONE CLIFFS ON THE BUZI RIVER, P. E. A.

This is the site of the new Machemeje (Mechemedzi) Station. Interestingly enough, Mr. Bunker selected this in his missionary days at Beira as the best site for a new station. The Rhodesia Mission, after much searching, has of itself chosen the same site within the past year.

MACHEMEJE*

WHO PUT IT ON THE MAP?

By SECRETARY PATTON

A NEW name on the missionary map! Rarely, of late, has this occurred in the history of the Board. In 1925 Oroquieta was opened as a new station in the Philippine Islands, with Rev. Frank J. Woodward in charge, and in 1917 Gogoi, in Portuguese East Africa, was occupied as an outreach from Mt. Silinda. But now, to the tuneful list of place names in South Africa, Amanzimtoti, Inanda, Umzumbe, Mapumulo, Umzunduse, Inhambane, Chikore, we add the magic of Machemeje. All hail Machemeje!

Now how does it happen that in a time of waning gifts and of administrative retrenchment, when, in other parts of the world, our lines are being drawn in, the Board is opening up a new section in the heart of Africa? In fairness to the work elsewhere how *dare* we? That question, we suspect, is being considered by missionaries in China, India, Turkey, and other needy fields, as we know it is being asked by church leaders at home. It is a valid inquiry, of course, but before attempting to meet it, consider for a moment what the question implies.

The implication is, that for the American Board to be in the business of enlarging its field, of undertaking anything new in the way of letting the Good News of Christ reach a new people on the face of the earth, is something strange and questionable, something requiring explanation and defense. Our readers must pardon us if we call attention to the contrast between this attitude and that prevailing in the early years of the Board, in the expansion days of the Civil War, and in the vigor of the eighties. How did these hundreds of names get on the map of the American Board? Who put them there? In the early days did anybody complain? Did anyone say "How dare you?" We trust the gentle reader may find himself in a mood to think upon these things and meditate upon their implication as to the situation here at home.

In the meantime let it be known from the Congregational Dan to the Congregational Beersheba that it was the Association of Fairfield County, Connecticut, that put Machemeje on the map. So far as there is any blame it rests on the churches which make up this notable group. Those of us who had a good look at these ecclesiastical adventurers at the time of the annual meeting (Bridgeport is in Fairfield County) are convinced they are entirely competent to answer for themselves. In fact they have already done so and are claiming to be proud of what they have done.

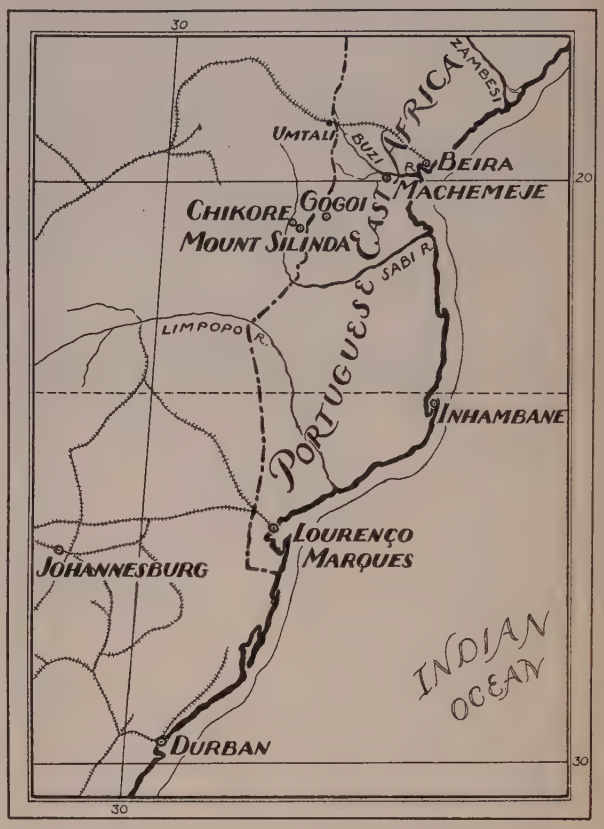
It all began with the adoption as their "project" of that fine young African, C. Kamba Simango, who was ordained in their midst and whom they have been supporting for several years, in the hope that some time he might be permitted to engage in missionary work in the section of Portuguese East Africa where he was born, and where, under the

*Editor's note: the *Herald* uses the Mission's spelling of the new name. The ending "dzi," however, is used by many.

teaching of Rev. Fred R. Bunker, he was brought to Christ. When it was found that this would involve the purchase of an extensive tract of land, the erection of sundry buildings and the maintaining annually of the budget of a station (aside from the support of such missionaries as might be transferred from the Rhodesian work), there came the vision which lately has materialized in Machemeje. When we add that these churches promised that the taking on of this new and heavy responsibility should in no wise diminish what they have been giving for state and national missions and for the American Board in other parts of the world, it will be seen how thoughtful as well as courageous was their attitude.

Who would have the Prudential Committee refuse an offer of this kind? Here was an extensive, unoccupied field, which had been beckoning to the Board for thirty-five years; the field which was prominently in mind when Mt. Silinda was occupied in 1893; a field essential to that station as a feeder for its churches and schools; a field that deputation after deputation had urged upon the Board; and here, without asking, was the promise of adequate support; a large sum of money available for no other work. It would appear to be a case such as the deacon had in mind when he remarked to his pastor, "This seems *almost* providential."

And so, thanks to Fairfield County, a new name appears on the Missionary Map. As we add Machemeje to the vocabulary of the Board let us follow the developing work with the keen interest incident to all pioneer undertakings, and with the prayer that God, helping us over the difficulties connected with the government, the climate, the personnel, that are bound to occur, will make "each step an onward one," until the people of the vast territory lying between the Rhodesian boundary and the Indian Ocean shall come under the reign of Christ and enter into the fulness of His civilization.



MAP OF PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

This map gives the principal points in P. E. A. and their relation to Durban, Johannesburg, Mt. Silinda and Chikore. Note the location of Inhambane on the Tropic of Capricorn; also Gogoi just across the Rhodesia boundary from Mt. Silinda. Machemeje, the newest station, is near the fork of the Buzi. We use the spelling adopted by the Rhodesia Mission in its documents. The final "je," however, could just as well be spelled "dzi" The Portuguese have still another spelling.

Photo by Dr. W. T. Lawrence

A TYPICAL SUGAR FACTORY ON THE BUZI RIVER

HOW WE FOUND IT

By FRED ROBERT BUNKER

THE site chosen for the station is very familiar to me. In 1892, with Messrs. Wilder and Thompson, I first saw it. We were in canoes, poling up the Buzi River. The country had been flat and the banks of the river low. We camped for the night on an island among the reeds in a fog. Hippos serenaded us all night, nearby. At sunrise we struck camp and on the winding channel of the broad river with palm-lined banks, we went two hours, and came to great cliffs of limestone which extended north and south across the river, through which the river rushed in a narrow channel in a swift strong current that taxed our canoeman to the utmost.

A great forest-crowned ridge 400 feet above sea level extended farther than the eye could see. We spent a day at the kraal of the chief of the region, Machimeje. We explored and hunted over the ridge, and decided that this was the most healthful and strategically located site for a station in the 200 miles between the coast and the highlands.

In 1893 our pioneer party of four families passed with a flotilla of 22 canoes through this gateway en route to establish our headquarters at Mt. Silinda in the mountains, 133 miles west of the Cliffs. Again we determined to locate on that desirable site as soon as possible.

In 1895 the Mission sent Mrs. Bunker and me, with our six-months-old baby Paul, down into the lowlands to begin work at first at Beira, and then up the river to the Limestone Cliffs. I was to direct a force of Zulu evangelists into that field and Mjadu Shabane and I again settled upon this site as the place of our first interior station. But the American Board had to retrench and that venture failed for lack of funds to establish it.

Ten years later, after the visit of an American Board delegation to Africa and its enthusiastic recommendation of the opening of work in the lowlands, Mrs. Bunker and I, with our five children, found ourselves in Beira, planning as soon as possible to open work at the Limestone Cliffs as one of our most strategic centers. I had visited the cliffs a number of times before and always with keen disappointment that work had not been begun there. Again we failed to occupy it from lack of men and money to begin a work which could cope with the hardships of the field, and with the growing opposition of the officials, who believed that to tell Africans that they were men and had souls, unfitted them for their purposes as beasts of burden.

Always we carried the vision that some day a Mission station would, like "a city set on a hill," crown those cliffs and shed its light through that region of spiritual darkness. Glorious sunlight, overhead and around—a tropical sun sometimes almost cruel in its intensity of light and heat—but no glimmering of light and love, as Christians know them, in the hearts of the people. A people without God and without hope. Hundreds of thousands of people whose minds and hearts are filled with all manner of creeping things of darkness; fears, lusts, superstitions and ignorances.

No doctors to heal, no teachers to enlighten, no preachers of good news in a region 260,000 square miles around about. But, added to their destitution, is the cruel bondage in which they are held by their European overlords,—men who have no regard for their bodies or souls, as human beings or children of God,—so long as they can make use of them in field and mine, at the harbor or on the railway, in securing luxuries and sports for their overlords.

Now in the very heart of those "habitations of cruelty" a light is to be lighted—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Photo by F. S. Tucker

MORE WATER CARRIERS OF INHAMBANE

This is some more raw material from which is made real Christian leadership at Inhambane. These "heathen" women are carrying water in native-made pots. The scene was taken near Zavala, Southern Inhambane.

A South African Quartet

Standing, left to right: Kamba Simango, George A. Wilder, D.D.
Seated: Rev. Fred R. Bunker, Rev. Henry A. Stick.

Dr. Wilder and Mr. Bunker have retired from active service on the field. Mr. Stick is a member of the Zulu Mission, while Mr. Simango is the representative of the Fairfield Association of Churches in the opening of the new station at Machemeje. The photograph was taken some years ago at an exhibit in Mechanics Hall, Boston.

KAMBA SIMANGO: FAIRFIELD'S REPRESENTATIVE

By FRED R. BUNKER of Connecticut

Who discovered Kamba, helped educate him and now is his staunchest supporter.

THE Fairfield County Association of Congregational Churches of Connecticut came to know this people in Portuguese East Africa and their great need in the person of Kamba Simango. It undertook to meet that need by adopting Mr. and Mrs. Simango as its missionaries, and agreeing to support them and their work in that field.

In May, 1923, it ordained Mr. Simango to the Gospel ministry. Mr. Simango was born in paganism, became a Christian at fourteen years of age; was persecuted for his faith and, with eighteen of his fellows, fled from his home land to Mt. Silinda in order to get the advantages of an education. Later he came to America for more training. He won honors as well as graduation at Hampton Institute; he graduated from Teachers College, Columbia University with the degree of B.S.

He secured recognition and normal school credentials from the highest educational authorities of Portugal.

Thus, this representative of his people is now the representative of the Fairfield County Association of Churches in Africa.

The Association agreed to raise $2,500 annually, above its regular gifts, for the support of Mr. and Mrs. Simango, at a salary of $900, and $1,600 for the support of his work when begun. The cost of the salary has been more than met for six years, but the work which was to be supported is just beginning at Machemeje.

Mr. and Mrs. Simango left America in 1923. They expected to reach their field in six months, or, at latest, a year, but were sick in England, then went to Portugal to study the language. One year after leaving America Mrs. Simango died under an operation in London—a tragic loss to her husband, to Africa, and to all who knew and loved her.

His plans broken off, Mr. Simango studied a year more in Portugal, then married again and sailed for Angola, West Africa, in December, 1925. He was sent there by the American Board to study the methods used by the Angola Mission in Portuguese territory. He reached Beira, P. E. A. in September, 1926.

His first journey was to the Island of Chiloan to see his poor old mother, still in her pagan condi-

tion. His next journey was with Mr. Dysart to Mashanga, his boyhood home, to select some land for a Mission site where he might work among his people. Then he went up to Mt. Silinda, where the Mission located him at Gogoi, just across the border in Portuguese territory. He has done excellent service on this station in building, educational and medical work.

But the program of the Fairfield Association has grown beyond its interest in and support of Mr. Simango, its first objective.

Messrs. Dysart, Orner and Simango reported to the Mission at Mt. Silinda that they had chosen 2,200 acres of land at Mashanga, and had secured terms of purchase at approximately $4 per acre. The Mission, hearing their report, cabled the American Board that they could get the land for $9,000 and asked the Fairfield Association to raise half of that amount, and the Mission would finance the balance on the field.

The Association voted to attempt to raise the $4,500 by selling shares at $4, the price of one acre. Over $3,000 was raised on that basis.

Then word came that the owners of the land refused to sell it, as they had been threatened by the commercial company which rules the territory.

The cable bringing the news said, "The land at Mashanga cannot be secured. Mission advises purchase of land adjoining Chitikinya. May we use funds in your hands?" The Association authorized the use of the money for the new site on the Buzi River, which is now called Machemeje.

The offer was 5,000 acres for $20,000; considering the market price of land there, a very advantageous offer. One-half was to be paid down and the balance in four annual installments of $2,500 each.

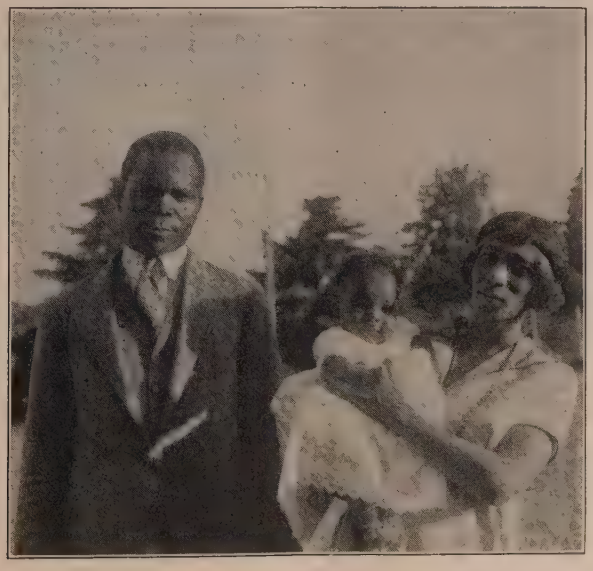
The Association sent its $3,000. One of the Rhodesian missionaries put in $3,000 which had been given him for his old age. A lady missionary put in $1,300 which she had received as an inheritance. The balance was met with various special funds on the field, and 2,500 acres of land were secured for a mission site.

In October, 1928, the Association voted to attempt to raise $8,300 to cover a budget which the Mission presented for opening the station at Machemeje, and has more than half of it pledged and paid in.

There were grave fears in the beginning and they have persisted, that the special object of the Association might decrease the receipts from the Association for the regular benevolence of the denomination.

The contrary is true. It was reported to the Association, by its member of the State Missionary Committee, that of the $9,000 increase to the regular benevolences of the denomination in Connecticut in the year 1924, $5,000 came from Fairfield County Association, and the Missionary Committee of the Association attributed it to the special interest in the Simangos.

Again the Chairman of the State Missionary Committee in reporting a gain in the benevolences of the state of $21,000 for regular objects of the denomination, for the year 1927, attributed a large part of the gain to the special interest in Missions in Fairfield Association.



Mr. and Mrs. Kamba Simango and Little Louis
This photograph was taken at Gogoi, P. E. A., in 1927.

PROGRESS IN TURKEY

Some Observations of Our Secretaries

PRESIDENT KEMAL LEADING A LANGUAGE EXAMINATION

Mustapha (at the left under the Turkish flag with paper in hand) is examining a Turkish lady on her ability to read and write Turkish with the Latin characters. In the center of the picture at Kemal's left is Izmet Pasha and next to him the Governor of the Province, M. Fuad. The woman seems to be under a great strain.

MISS EMERSON'S IMPRESSIONS

TURKEY is very different from the country I saw four years ago. The picturesque red fez is nowhere to be seen, except on the Turkish hodja (teacher), who has it swathed as usual in the white turban. But we did see veiled women even in Constantinople, despite the fact that the veil is supposed to have disappeared with the fez. On our trip to Ephesus I noticed women in the villages as we passed who looked exactly as they did four years ago, veiled and shrouded in their charshafs. Of course in the cities one sees more women than formerly in European dress, quite fashionable in fact, but the veil and the charshaf are not infrequently seen. Men and women mingle more freely than formerly in public places and conveyances. The old division between men and women on trams and boats seems to have disappeared. There are more automobiles and better trams. The train on which we travelled from Constantinople to Angora was quite as good as the one I took from Salonica to Athens. We were in a compartment sleeper exactly like the European trains.

WHY A REFORM IS PUT THROUGH IN A HURRY

The most impressive thing is the way the people are studying the new Latin alphabet. As I recall it, we heard last July or August that the old Arabic script was to be abolished and Latin characters adopted. It was a tremendous undertaking, but the Ghazi (Mustapha Kemal Pasha) said that it must be, and that ended it. Before the National Assembly broke up, he is reported to have taught the deputies the new characters and to have charged them to teach their constituencies. Even though the law regarding the change had not been passed, it was generally understood that by early November the new script would be in use and the law would be passed soon after the Assembly convened on November 1. Fifty thousand school teachers had to pass the examinations in the new script before that time. Imagine it! When I asked why a year was not given in which to make the change, the reply was that if so long a time were allowed them the people would not take the matter up in earnest. If a change is to be made, it must be ordered put through promptly. Already the signs on boats, railroad stations and many shops are in the new script. In Smyrna we saw signs in Arabic script which had been defaced with great daubs of paint as though the owner were telling us that even though he had not had time to get his new sign, the old was gone forever. Posters showing the new characters are posted in public places,—railroad stations, buildings, docks, and even in village streets. We saw one in Seljuk, a little village mostly of mud houses. Primers are in use everywhere. Grown-ups and children are studying them in the trams, on the boats, everywhere. It is going to be a great thing for the Turkish people, for many more will be able to learn the new letters than had learned Arabic, and the percentage of literacy will be increased greatly. The newspapers are still being printed in the Arabic, but there is an increasing amount of space given to news and articles in the Latin script.

TURKEY WANTS CLEAN LITERATURE

And that leads me to speak of the effort that is being made by some forward-looking editors to put out clean literature in magazine form. On the way to Seljuk I borrowed from a Turkish man sitting opposite me a magazine which looked interesting. It was in Arabic script, but I could tell something about it by the pictures. There was one of a series of articles giving a biography of Emerson and extracts from his essays and journals! There was a "better babies" page and a page for boys and girls, playing up hero stories. At the top of the page was the question, "Who is the greatest hero?" and there followed illustrated paragraphs on different types—aviators, a nurse, an Arctic explorer, moral leaders, etc. One picture was of Lincoln taking the shackles from a negro slave. It is very significant. The country is awake and it certainly has some alert leaders who are thinking deeply about the problems of education, economics, religion and morals.

MISS SEABURY LISTENS IN

On our train en route to Angora the railroad guard was studying. He sat down between stations across from us and would read the letters slowly to himself. Suddenly from behind him there stepped forward a young, very intelligent-faced man, without good clothes, however, or any air of means or education. I should say he was a working man of humble circumstances, about thirty or a bit less.

"Let me help you, Friend," he said. (Rachmi Bey interpreted for us.) "I know the new character."

He sat down beside the guard and they went at it. He was an excellent teacher, I should judge, and in a few minutes several others had gathered around for instruction. Presently an old gentleman across the aisle, a regular "Old Turk" who sat all curled up on the seat, Turkish fashion, twirling conversation beads in his fingers, spoke up in cynical tones and said, in effect, that this was all tommy-rot and the good old days were gone forever, etc.

Well, our young friend went to it with enthusiasm and made a fairly impassioned address on the subject. Did his worthy friend not realize how few of their people could read and write compared with other nations? And that even with the best education available did he not know that one never could learn more than about ten per cent of what he really needed for life? And that the literature of the world was most of it closed to them? Now this new language would change all that. Visitors from other lands could learn their language and perhaps be really able to read it and they too could read much better in other languages. And now all the people would be able to learn. Why, his tiny little daughter had learned in one week the new character and he himself had learned in four hours. It was a wonderful new day that had come to their country, etc., etc. I wish you might all have seen the fire of his face and the eagerness of his voice and the light in his eye.

The Department of Education is busily working out a plan on a very wide scale for adult education. New day indeed! Some one said to Ulvia Hanum, of whom more anon,

"O dear, the lovely old Arabic character is so antique-looking and so artistic." She pressed her lips together hard and answered,

"Well, we of my country have been paying far too great a price for that art." One cannot fail to catch the impression that this is a great and promising nation of fine people.

HERALD REVIEW QUESTIONS

		Page
1.	Who said, "We must advance upon our knees"?	3
2.	Where has learning the alphabet become the popular national sport?	13
3.	What three unique opportunities for women does Shantung Christian University offer?	14
4.	Why is October 10th celebrated as a holiday in China?	16
5.	What is one of the tests of a true religion?	18
6.	What is a Bulgarian "Folk High School"?	20
7.	What have been the results of the "Friendship bags" sent to Mexico?	27
8.	Where have the boys in a school made all of the school's furniture?	35
9.	What is the only vacation in the whole year when Chinese factory workers can leave their tasks?	38
10.	What unusual committee is functioning in Seoul, Korea?	38

CHEELOO CAMPUS, TSINANFU, SHANTUNG, CHINA

We are looking northward from the chapel tower. The McCormick Administration Building is in the center; the Bergen Science Hall is at the left; the Mateer Science Hall is at the right; the School of Medicine is in the middle distance; while the city of Tsinan is in the background.

WOMEN'S PAST AND FUTURE AT CHEELOO

BY LUELLA MINER

This is the second of two articles by the founder of Yenching College and the present Dean of Women at Cheeloo, or, Shantung Christian University, Tsinanfu, China.

IN a former article I wrote of the threefold heritage of the women students in the Shantung Christian University: the history and traditions of the University; the beauty, enriched with historical, traditional and practical values, of its ninety-acre campus; the prestige and ideals of the Peking Union Medical College for Women which was merged with Cheeloo in 1923. I wrote also of the three doors of opportunity for women to be found in this university alone: the opportunity to study college subjects in their mother tongue; the door opening into the Medical Department; the chance to receive instruction along religious, social and public health lines in the training laboratory the University is developing in a typical rural district.

THE PAST

The "past" of women in Cheeloo numbers only five years, yet on it may be based our enlarged plans for the future. President Harold Balme said in an annual report: "In spite of the sincere doubts which had existed in some quarters as to whether the time was ripe for so wide an experiment in co-education, the results have abundantly justified the foresight of those who advocated this step. The women students have taken their places in the life of the University with a quiet dignity and self-possession which it would be difficult to match in any other country, and their presence on the campus and in the classrooms has brought a new influence into our midst which is quite out of proportion to their numbers."

LEONARD HALL, CHEELOO
This is the dormitory for women students at Cheeloo. The view is from the east.

An illustration of this influence is found in the fact that of the four presidents of the University Students' Christian Union organized four years ago two have been women: Miss Hu, who has just graduated from the school of Medicine; and Miss Ch'i, who received the first diploma granted by the University to a woman student of the School of Theology, and who hopes some day to be a home missionary, though she is now teaching in the theological school of the United Free Church of Scotland in Manchuria.

We have seventy-six alumnae. In the school year 1926–1927 we had fifty-three students from twelve provinces of China and from nearly thirty schools which may send us others. Presbyterian churches sent us fourteen, Congregational ten, Lutheran nine, Methodist eight. In the autumn of 1927 about twenty-five new students matriculated; in the autumn of 1928 only four new students braved the hardships of broken rail communications, the dangers of bandits, but our present enrollment is forty-two and Leonard Hall has room for only a few more!

THE FUTURE

The "future" of women in Cheeloo depends on financial ability to meet three great needs:

First, a new dormitory. Leonard Hall will be full when there is a little peace in Shantung and the "gates ajar" of the School of Arts and Science and the School of Theology may swing shut against women for lack of dormitory space.

Second, new staff members. A Chinese Dean of Women is needed who can understand better than a foreigner the personal problems of the students and keep more closely in touch with their daily life. We should like to be able to invite one of two or three outstanding Chinese women to take this position, but no invitation can be given until a salary is assured. Two experienced teachers are at once needed for the department of training of community workers along religious, social and public health lines which awaits a creative and coördinating head and an adequate staff to render a great community service and to train young people for a type of work in hospitals, churches, and the great rural field, which is much in demand. Without women who can enter the homes and study the rural problems of women and children, the program of work of this department will be largely theoretical and some of its important projects must fail. There should be a woman on the staff of the School of Theology. There should be a teacher of domestic science.

Third, site and dormitory for a middle school for girls is needed. The report already quoted from states: "There is now, so far as we know, not a school in the whole northern half of China, except in Peking and Tientsin, which would give the student of average ability sufficient preparation so that she would have a fair chance of passing the examination for the pre-medical course; the schools are deficient in their science teaching. The exceptional student might succeed in the examinations for the other departments." Up to the autumn of 1926 a sub-freshman year bridged the gap between the average middle school for girls and the university. This proposed school is needed not only as a feeder to the university but as a

DR. ELIZA E. LEONARD
First Dean of Women at Cheeloo

CHEELOO'S FIRST WOMAN B.A.
Now teaching Biology in the University High School for Boys.

practice school for the women students specializing in education and religious education.

In the new correlated program for all the Christian colleges of China, Cheeloo is asked to undertake for the whole of Mandarin-speaking China except the extreme southwest the college grade training of experts in rural life problems; of educationalists who will evolve the type of school needed; of religious education specialists and rural church prophets who will develop the methods and train the workers to meet the spiritual needs of communities in country and town; of the doctors and nurses who will make public health work and sanitation forerunners of a more abundant life. Does any other university in China to which women are admitted face such a stupendous task?

New China, so alive, so venturesome, so appealing in her half-blind strength, needs as creative thinkers and dynamic leaders those who will follow Jesus' way of Life. In the first ranks of Chinese Christian leadership women as compared to men hardly number one in ten, and while the responsibility in men's work is being transferred rapidly from missionaries to Chinese, no corresponding transfer of women's work will be possible within the present decade without great loss to the work. Chinese university women are too few. So the doors of opportunity must swing wider. wider for women at Cheeloo.

A STORY OF LEADERSHIP

Please note the three young women at the head of their class as it leaves the chapel. These three deserve a special medal; for they showed distinctive marks of leadership last summer. When the Japanese were bombarding Tsinan in May, 1928, the women students of Cheeloo were taken by train to Tsingtao. In June, these three, who were due to graduate, returned for examinations. They found the men students saying, "But the University is closed, and we are not going to take our exams." "Then we shall take ours alone," said these prospective "M.B.'s" And the men are said to have "meekly followed their example." The more we hear about the women of China the more convinced we are that when they once get the missionary vision for their country some people will have to step lively to keep up with them.

MESSAGES FROM THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE ESSEX SOUTH BRANCH OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Extracts from the addresses given at the Central Congregational Church, Lynn, Massachusetts, November 7, 1928.

"Fifty Years of Radiant History," by Miss Susan Choate assisted by Mrs. A. W. Hitchcock and Mrs. Harry P. Gifford.

FIFTY years ago this month a group of consecrated women from the churches of Essex South Conference gathered in this church and organized the Essex South Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions. Twenty-five years ago the Branch met again in this same place and observed its Silver Anniversary. Today the Branch has come to the same place to observe what would seem to be appropriately called its Golden Anniversary. Owing, however, to the merger of the Woman's Board with the American Board, which took place in 1926, we can no longer speak of this organization as the Essex South Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions. Today it bears the name of the Essex South District of the Congregational Women's Missionary Societies of Massachusetts. Nevertheless the interest and gifts to missionary work continue unabated.

"In connection with the disbanding of the Woman's Board and its branches it is interesting to turn to the report of the address of Secretary Clark of the American Board at our second annual meeting. Before closing he said: 'Sisters, fifty years of hard work and we will not need Women's Boards; but you must work hard fifty years!' If Women's Boards *have* been abandoned, women are still urged to work hard.

"Among those who have come forward when called to assume leadership and responsibility in the work of the Branch and have been conspicuous for their long service and devotion two or three deserve special mention. In 1895 Mrs. James L. Hill became its president and for twenty years filled the office with devotion and efficiency. From 1915 she became Honorary President. In 1916 Mrs. Henry R. French was called to the presidency, and has greatly endeared herself to the whole constituency. In 1888 Miss S. Caroline Woodberry was made Secretary of Children's Work and continued to be associated with that department till her death in 1927. At that time she was known as General Secretary of Young People's work.

"Miss Alice Kyle, a secretary of the Woman's Board, addressing the Branch at an annual meeting, once said: 'Of the twenty-four branches connected with the Board, Essex South holds front rank for loyalty.' In the same address, making a plea for increased giving, she said: 'We are not asking "Your money or your life!" but "Your money *and* your life!"'

"A Golden Summer Day of Long Ago," by Mrs. George E. Brock.

"This is a hallowed hour for some of us—the children and grandchildren of those sainted women who gathered in Central Church fifty years ago to form the Essex South Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions. Faces of many of them come before me now . . . Perhaps of all that company the one who stood out foremost in my girlhood mind was Mrs. James L. Hill, bride of the pastor of North Church, Lynn. In her wedding finery, her fair face lighted with joy and hope, she presented a vision of loveliness to my girlish fancy which I have never forgotten.

"Can you imagine how those women looked and dressed fifty years ago? Smooth hair, parted in the middle, bonnet strings tied under the chin, long skirts, chatelaine bags worn at the side, lace or button boots, kid gloves, tightly fitting. It became the custom for these ladies to wear their new spring and winter bonnets for the first time at the missionary meeting. Their faces were full of the light and joy of missionary enthusiasm."

"Memory Pictures," by Mrs. James L. Hill.

"Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's walls I can bring you but a few of literally hundreds that crowd upon my vision today.

"I wish you might see, as if with my eyes, a full length portrait of Mrs. Crawford, a returned missionary from Turkey, addressing us in Central Church: sweet-faced, with a beautiful dignity and

graceful carriage of a fine figure. Mrs. Dr. Johnson of Salem, our splendid president for many years, held our admiration. Refined, handsome, always becomingly dressed, her constituency had for her an intense love and a loyal devotion. There was also our lovely little lavender lady, Mrs. George A. Jackson of Swampscott. Mrs. Dr. Burnham, your own Lynn lady, was a woman of most benign and gracious personality. You will doubtless recall Mrs. Entwistle, so merry-hearted and playful, from whose missionary hen, Cuckoo, our treasury received a steady income. . . .

"It occurs to me that as so much has been said this afternoon about the dress of the earlier generation, our present-day women may think that we were accustomed to hold, not only a missionary meeting, but a good clothes conference. We certainly did the best we could. We were all dressed up and we had somewhere to go! . . .

"And now as we begin a new period of service I am taking a forward look and wish to give a message in the form of a slogan. I commend to you the last verse of that notable eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Our early women built for the future, and if the future fails them their work is diminished. 'They without us should not be made perfect.' "

THE HOME BASE

INTERDENOMINATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER FEBRUARY 15, 1929

In our last number we pled for the observance of the Week of Prayer at the beginning of the year, with special emphasis upon Thursday, January 10, as the Day of Prayer for Missions. We now urge upon our readers the observance of the Interdenominational Day of Prayer, held on February 15, 1929 under the auspices of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions and the Council of Women for Home Missions.

We call attention to the increasing remembrance of this day and urge the readers of the *Herald* to do anything and everything they can toward arranging for interdenominational and, if possible, inter-racial meetings in their own communities.

It is significant that the theme for the World Day of Prayer this year is, "That They All May Be One," especially since this follows so closely upon the Jerusalem Conference in which the spirit of oneness was so clearly evident and from which there goes forth an ever-deepening sense of Christian unity permeating the whole church.

Preparation for a Day of Prayer should be surcharged with the Spirit of Prayer.

No attempt should be made to introduce features into the program for the sake of entertainment only. Every feature should be made to contribute to the spirit of prayer and bring the hearers into an appreciation of prayer as a vital force.

It is hoped that the spirit of last year prevailed throughout the year, that "barriers broken down" through prayer still lie crumbled, or better still, that the débris has been cleared away. Therefore the Committee should be constituted to include representatives of different nationalities and races, and there should also be included in the program participants of various nationalities and races, if possible. Prayers in native tongues and native hymns will help to create the spirit of *oneness* in the Father.

An effort should be made to reach all groups in the community through wide publicity about the Day. Do not overlook the shut-ins. The Christian Church is richer today in spiritual things because of the prayers of those deprived of attendance at public services.

Should this appeal be read by someone who has not been privileged to be in a community where previously the World Day of Prayer has been observed, will you not consider this appeal a call to you to seek to bring about this united prayer activity among the women of your community. Every added group of *PRAY-ers* means added power for the work of the Kingdom. Pray about it, then speak to the women of your own church and the women of other denominations. At an early date secure copies of the "Call to Prayer" and distribute them among the women.

All supplies for the World Day of Prayer may be secured from your denominational headquarters, as follows:

Program, "That They All May Be One," $1.75 per hundred.

A sheet of Suggestions for Leaders, free with supply of programs.

Attractive World Day of Prayer Poster, $.10 each.

World Day of Prayer Seals, to be used on correspondence $.25 per 100, $1.75 per 1,000.

Electrotype of the seal may be had for $1 for use in printing of announcements.

"Call to Prayer," free when ordered with supply of programs.

A SUGGESTION FOR COMMITTEES ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The newly formed Committee on Religious Education of the Brookfield Association, as a part of its work, has established an Association Young People's Council, composed of one representative from the young people of each of the eighteen churches. Mrs. E. E. Higgins of Southbridge, Rev. Edward U. Cowles of Spencer, and Rev. Joseph Kneirim of North Brookfield were on the Committee. These two groups put over what might truthfully be described as a thrilling rally in the Spencer church the evening of December 9. The attendance was close to five hundred, and over forty churches of six different denominations were represented.

The rally centered on the now famous address of Miss Lillian L. Picken on "India and You." A high class musical number was given by Miss Hildegard Berthold, cellist, Principal of the Needham Academy of Music; Sumner F. Hall, saxophonist, a sophomore at Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Robert S. Dodge, the Spencer organist; with Theodore F. Hopkins, organist at the North Brookfield church as pianist. A chorus composed of young people of the different churches gave two special numbers under the fine leadership of Miss Jean C. Wetherby of the group from the East Congregational Church at Ware. All parts in the service were taken by young people, the address of welcome on the part of the Spencer young people being given by William W. Putnam, recently back from the Doshisha.

The young people had an opportunity to meet Miss Picken informally at the close of the service, in the vestry of the church. The Spencer young people served light refreshments to all the visitors and Miss Picken was the surprised recipient of a token (a Stanley non-breakable thermos bottle) from the Association young people.

The Committee is planning a similar rally twice a year, usually near the time of the regular Association meetings. Two have already been arranged for at Springfield and Worcester.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT—REDIVIVUS

Men are still definitely and deeply interested in missions when these are rightly presented from the modern viewpoint. Dr. William S. Beard has proved this throughout the last three years with a series of remarkable Men's Dinners, overcrowding the largest available halls and reaching new heights of interest wherever his program is presented. Recent contact with the new Laymen's Missionary Movement gives much the same impression.

A meeting was held in Binghamton, New York, in November, where more than 1,500 persons registered as paid members and as in attendance at the meetings. It seems clear that many cities would be glad to have their men gathered together on this interdenominational basis if the right program could be determined, for mere speeches that do not lead to new convictions in the local churches are hardly worth while.

The present leader of the Laymen's Missionary Movement is Mr. Fred J. Michel, who has put years into the organization of men's meetings of this character, and was a district leader under the old Laymen's Movement of a decade ago. He is backed by a strong national committee, which is feeling its way to discover the modern need for this Movement. It occurs to one who comes in touch with this type of meeting, that the results would be greater if the leading Boards could coöperate to prepare in a dozen metropolitan areas a survey of all their churches, showing the giving of the past five years, outlining the difficulties and questions concerning missions and the needs of more aggressive mission study among young people, or the possibilities of the modern School of Missions, or School of Projects. After this is done let the Boards arouse interest in a convention period and follow that up with direct and definite approach to each local church by earnest leaders who would sit down with the local committees and pastors to find what new advance could be made. The awakened interest would open the hearts of a thousand men in the community to read one or two new missionary books, and groups of young people would gladly take up missionary projects and the study of their own church commitments abroad. Such a campaign would result in an awakened sense of stewardship, which is more needed than any other single factor in our denomination at the moment.

SILVER BAY CONFERENCE PLANS

The program for the Conference at Silver Bay, Lake George, June 28 to July 9, 1929 is fast assuming its final form. Some of the headliners who have accepted or are expected to accept a place on this program are:

Dr. Herbert W. Gates, of Boston, for the Missionary Program of the Local Church; Dr. H. Paul Douglass, of New York, to teach his new book on "The City's Church," which will be one of the new textbooks next year; Dr. Charles H. Sears, of New York, to teach his new book which will be out next year, on the subject of the City; Mrs. Alice B. Frame, Dean of Mt. Holyoke College, to be Dean of Women and to teach one of the courses; Dr. T. H. P. Sailer, to conduct again a Normal Missions Study Class, which has been one of the most important features of the Silver Bay Conference; Dr. Milton T. Stauffer, of the Foreign

Missions Conference, to conduct an Open Forum, with outstanding missionary leaders as speakers; Professor John Clark Archer, of Yale University, to lead a course on Comparative Religions; Miss Helen Frances Smith, of New York, to lead the course on Missionary Methods for Women's groups; and Dr. Gilbert Lovell, of New York, to lead a course for young people dealing with the question of their life work in connection with the present world program of Christianity. This is just a starter, for there are a number of others to be secured.

A luncheon was given by the Silver Bay folks of Syracuse, New York on November 14, at the Park Central Presbyterian Church in honor of Dr. Frank Laubach of the Philippines. He was the speaker, also, at the Women's Missionary Meeting that afternoon. Syracuse has one of the most enthusiastic and aggressive Silver Bay groups to be found anywhere.

Thirty or forty who have been to the Silver Bay Conference have formed a Silver Bay Club under the leadership of Miss Alice R. Graves, which meets once a month at lunch and keeps up a splendid fellowship and interest. Syracuse will have a splendid delegation at Silver Bay next summer.

THE LATEST INDIA RECRUITS

Miss Joan Van der Spek, whose support has been assumed by the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the latest addition to the missionary forces of the New York State Congregational Churches. She is now on her way to Madura, India, to train native women to become religious education workers. Last year she studied at Oxford University, England, on a fellowship she had won in competition with men at the Hartford Theological Seminary, from which she graduated in 1927.

Another India recruit, soon to sail for her field, is Miss Florence Margaret Ridley, an attractive young English nurse who was recently commissioned as the special representative of the Central Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., from which she will receive her entire support. Rev. Edward Fairbank, on furlough from Vadala, India, welcomed her to the field. Miss Ridley was born in Bath, England, and served as a war nurse under the British Red Cross. In 1922 she came to America and took courses at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston. She has many friends in this country.

THE BOOKSHELF

INDIA WITHOUT ANGER*

Miss Mayo's violent "Mother India" begat such a brood of angry sons of Mother India, and the like, that it is a pleasure to read a book which, no less clear-eyed and even better informed than some of the others is able to deal with the life of India in a kindly and sympathetic spirit. The present reviewer has spent some years in North India and can vouch for the accuracy (at times almost astonishing, when one considers that Mrs. Williams had only five months in the country) of her picture. Her story is in itself the best evidence of the eagerness and zest with which she pushed her inquiry into all sorts of nooks and corners, behind the *purdah,* in rich homes and poor, into the lanes and byways, into the villages of aborigines and untouchables, into kings' palaces and great political conventions.

Mrs. Williams went to the East equipped with an intelligent appreciation of Western history; it therefore did not greatly amaze her to find that much that horrifies the visitor could be duplicated by a plunge back into our own Middle Ages. It even occurred to her, as it has to too few of us, that the great evil of child marriage is not wholly unknown here in what we like to think of as a highly civilized country. A book like Miss Mayo's would prompt us to cast the first stone; that of Mrs. Williams is far more likely to make us hold out a helping hand to people a step or so below us on the difficult ascent that we call progress. But Mrs. Williams does not shrink from the fact that whereas Western progress has found its motive power in Christianity, the evils of Indian life find a sanction (or at least a shelter) in Vedic religion. She sees quite plainly that reform in India must be helped by a reformation in Indian religious concepts. So long as the cow is ignorantly venerated, Indian crops will suffer, cattle will increasingly be a liability instead of an asset, babies and children will die by thousands of mal-nutrition. So long as man is a demi-god and woman his priestess, the evils of child marriage, child widowhood, and female illiteracy will prevail. So long as caste bars man from man, wholesome economic life and political self-government are im-

**Understanding India.* By Gertrude Marvin Williams. New York, Coward–McCann, Inc. Price, $3.50.

possible. So long as ceremonial purification makes clean the outside of the cup without looking within, filth, pestilence and degradation will be the lot of India's masses. Mrs. Williams does not fail to see the many Indian agencies which are trying to combat these and other evils, nor is she hopeless about their eventual success; but she is realist enough to know that until there is a new religious background their progress must be tragically slow. Nevertheless, one sees from her book that she enjoyed her time in India and that she loves and respects the Indian people. *"Understanding India"* ought to be heartily recommended to whoever will listen.

R. C. Rankin

LIVING INDIA*

Among the most recent popular books on India, that fascinating and much discussed country, is "Living India," by Savel Zimand. The author, a Westerner, presents a careful study of India's life, past and present, with unusual sympathy and directness and from an obviously unbiased point of view.

Mr. Zimand has written a book for the thoughtful reader who really wants to know India and her peoples; it is colorful, historical, up-to-date; describes the strange oriental sights and sounds so that one seems to see all with his own eyes, hear the "myriad voices" with his own ears.

Part I. The Background. This is accurately drawn: a vivid picture of the early days. The origins and growth of the tribes are traced; the development of their culture, art and literature through widening contacts, when traders and Mohammedan Moguls invaded the country, and the British East India Company, last of all, made its advent. The empire under "The Cæsars," or Viceroys is described, also their achievements, notable or otherwise, which strengthened the hand of the Crown and extended the bounds of its dominion.

Part II. The Social Fabric. The social fabric, with ancient customs and traditions woven together by religion and politics, is skillfully depicted. Hinduism, caste, child brides, poverty, the masses, are some of the topics dealt with; the very latest conservative statistics are used and much new light thrown on perplexing problems. Here again accurate detail helps the reader to clearer comprehension. Mr. Zimand completes the unfinished quotations of Miss Mayo and indicates wherein errors may have been made. His book is a good antidote for "Mother India" for here is found what that lacked of sympathy, understanding and interpretation. India will not take offence at this treatment.

Part III. Deals with "Seething India" in her struggle for nationhood, with Mahatma Gandhi, in the forefront, strikingly portrayed. These final five chapters are prophetic, courageous, challenging. Nothing better has been written on the tragedies of the Government, and the hopes of the people and the present-day relationship between Government and people. A striking "Challenge to the Empire" is issued, and the book closes with an account of the Simon Commission.

The volume is an attractive one of 272 pages, many fine illustrations, and an exhaustive bibliography. There is a splendid introduction by "AE" (George W. Russell) which guarantees its quality and reliability.

W. H. McC.

**Living India.* By Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green and Company, New York. Price, $3.00.

LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT*

Here is a clever title. It is intriguing to imagine how the Orient would look to Labrador; how one from the bleak, bare, white North would see the warm, colorful, thronging East. And when the one is none other than Dr. Grenfell, the outstanding man of Labrador, the lure of the book is heightened.

Expectation is not disappointed. Every page reflects the mind and the heart of the author. The route of the journey is the familiar path to world travelers; the lands visited have been written about a thousand times. Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, India, the Malay States, China, Korea, Japan; all have been well trodden by tourists feet. There is nothing new in much that Dr. Grenfell relates of them. His descriptions of the scenery, the history, the architecture of India might have been taken from Murray's Guide; perhaps they were. But all is shot through with Grenfell's personal charm and power; his marvelous perception of human values and interests; his tender sympathy; his spiritual insight, his practical good sense; his unconquerable hope. Even the most trite experience or observation is illumined when it comes under his eye. Here is a man inspired and trained to look at mankind.

The simplicity of his reactions, the clearness of his judgments, the frankness of their statement, the frequent flashes of humor, the warmth of his indignation towards the mean and the base, and his high-hearted good will toward every sign of betterment in people or country make delightful reading.

It is not a political study, but it contains wise comment on political affairs in the East. It is not a treatise on government, but it touches effectively

**Labrador Looks at The Orient.* By Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, $5.00.

the problems of Britain in Egypt and in India; of revolution in China; and of Japan's course in Korea.

It is not a missionary book, yet it makes frequent note of mission work, particularly in the medical line; without argument it bears effective witness to the value of missions; without invective it puts to silence much of the cheap criticism of missionaries in their work. To have no use for eggs, he says in one instance, because one has sometimes smelled a bad one, is not a sign of wisdom.

One could not ask for a better companion and interpreter on a journey to observe the Orient than the many-titled but simple-hearted Wilfred Grenfell.

W. E. S.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

Dr. Watson Has Been Fighting Plague, Writes Dr. Curran

"Dr. Watson is with a party of six helpers out in Lin Hsien County fighting plague. I talked with him over the long distance phone two days ago and he reported 84 villages infected with bubonic and septicæmic plague and over 500 deaths. There is plague in the next county to the north, but no data regarding it. The officials there, unlike the Lin Hsien officials, fail to coöperate with modern methods, the community being very isolated, backward and suspicious.

"There is also plague on the Shensi side of the Yellow River. Dr. Watson started in that direction yesterday morning. He said that they had been able to get a good quarantine around Lin Hsien, had done a lot of vaccinating and distributing of literature and had superintended the proper burial of plague victims.

"Dr. Watson had just gotten home from six weeks' study at the Peking Union Medical College, when this call came so Dr. Wang and I, who are staying by the stuff, are finding plenty to do. Our new laboratory which my study in Peking made possible is a great comfort. I feel we have now as fine a diagnostic laboratory as any mission hospital in North China. Since we must depend on our own resources that is as it should be. It is wonderful to know for a certainty what kind of dysentery we are dealing with from the start. We knew within six hours that Lucian Pye had bacillary dysentery and gave him serum immediately. The results were really dramatic."

Mrs. Watson Tells Us More about the Plague

"In the previous epidemics in this locality bubonic plague has had a mortality of 96 per cent among those contracting the disease and usually about 80 per cent in an infected village get it. A great danger that they face is that when cold weather comes a pneumonic form may develop which has a mortality of 100 per cent and which spreads much more rapidly even than the bubonic. The latter is transmitted by the rat flea and the former directly from man to man.

"There is a serum used which is a partial protection against the bubonic plague and the relief party were of course all inoculated. The day after arriving in Lin Hsien they inoculated 170 against it, but there wasn't enough serum in Peking for those in Lin Hsien alone who were asking for it. Education does accomplish something! The places where the medical people have never been won't even report getting the disease.

"It is splendid to have with us again after his long absence Dr. Curran who returned from Peking last March. The laboratory is his hobby and I could fill this letter with the interesting things that go on there. He has recently captured an Anopheles mosquito—the friend of malaria—right in the north suburb of the city. And they are doing blood-grouping tests on a series of cases. Dr. Curran hopes to do a thousand and is appreciating the help of Mr. Rosenow who is one of Carleton's representatives in the Boys' High School in Fenchow. He is doing the tests on the school boys. Mrs. Curran is enthusiastically investigating the diet of Chinese children and teaching hygiene classes in the woman's school.

The School in Talas Officially Reopened, Writes Mr. Nilson

"After four years of petitions, the Ministry of Education in Angora has given the permit for the reopening of the American School in Talas, a school with departments for boys and girls, of middle grade, with emphasis on vocational and language courses.

"This noon Miss Dwight and I met our Emin Avny Bey, who is the superintendent for a large area in Anatolia, and the acting Maarif Mudir, Sit-

ky Bey. The Emin was very friendly and expressed his regret that the order for the reopening of the school which he had forwarded 22 days ago had been delayed. He said, 'You could have opened 20 days ago if the order had been presented to you by the local officers. Go ahead and open the school immediately according to the program that you submitted. Send in the list of your teachers to me and I'll O. K. them quickly.' (Evidently formality is dropped just now, for he might have held us up for a long time by asking for architects plans, long lists, etc.)

"I suggested that since it was late that we would need to have part-time teachers for Turkish subjects. He answered, 'The Director in Zinjedere, Murad Bey, will coöperate with you in making it possible for two of his teachers to help.' I know these men well and already two of them have expressed willingness to teach. One of these can act as Assistant Director for this year while the school is small.

"The announcements are in the local newspapers, registrations begin now, and I hope to have the first classes begin November 15, 1928. If we have thirty boys I'll be satisfied. One of the stipulations was that we should draw our students from the nine vilayets in Anatolia which are nearest us. To this there is no objection, since there are schools open in the coast vilayets and also since it is our desire to serve the people here on the plateau.

"I wish you could see the friendly spirit and desire for coöperation on the part of the school men, the Emin Avny Bey, the Lycee Principle Ekrem Bey, the Zinjedere Director and teachers. Suspicion is gone and on a secular basis they welcome our assistance and show willingness to cooperate with no feeling of rivalry. It makes me glad."

Rev. Edward H. Smith of Ingtai Rejoices Over Reinforcements

"The Mission is enthusiastically welcoming back Newell, the Beards, and Miss Allen, all tried and true workers sorely needed in these days. China seems fairly launched on a period of reconstruction. Will the church let slip her great opportunity or will she be strong, aggressive and vital?

"I'm glad my daughter Helen is coming out this fall. We shall need, particularly in women's work, for at least a generation more, a full complement of foreign lady workers. Single, educated Chinese ladies are few in number and China is the poorer for the fact: it will take her a long time to make up for what the 'maiden aunts of America and England' have contributed to society. We here rejoice in the presence of our young recruits and can foresee the new strength they must bring to the church in Ingtai.

"It is a great joy to be back in Ingtai. Two brief tours since I arrived have given me a sense of the hunger of the people for the thing the Christian Church has come to give: the gospel of the Man beside the well, beside the Sea of Galilee, the Preacher of the sermon on the mountain-top. Everywhere they want what New England used to call 'the consolations of religion.' Their poverty, their disillusionment with communism, with idolatry, bring them the hollow feeling that 'all is vanity.'"

Miss Jillson Finds Plenty to do in Brousa

"In August, when I found we must wait a little, I wondered if we could not make use of the large garden belonging to the Mission for a playground for little children of three, four or five, whose mothers work in factories and are obliged to leave the children to play in the streets. There are many such in this neighborhood.

"We put up a wall, had the ground leveled and a one-room pavilion built for a rest room, put up swings, a teeter, made a sandpile and doll houses. We had very little money, so had just a few simple things. Everyone is deeply interested; the mothers are so grateful. A carpenter who is greatly interested in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been ready to help and has told other members of the Society about it.

"A doctor who is on the City Council thinks it a most important work, and says he is very glad of the suggestion to show what could be done in other parts of the city. The Head Doctor of the Turkish Hospital came with another physician to say that they had always appreciated what we had done for them in the hospital, and wanted to know if I would help them by directing and suggesting so that they could have two or three play gardens like ours, a *crèche*, and a day nursery. They have about $1,500. They think of having suitable places with houses for winter, yet with ground for play.

"How glad and how deeply touched I was to have them come! How direct a message that if we only hold ourselves ready the way will open to work we had not thought of. We *had* talked of a playground but had been so occupied with work at school that we could not do more. Now comes the opportunity."

Miss Quickenden Tries to Retrench in Aruppukottai Bible Work

"We felt we could not cover the expense of the staff of twenty or more Biblewomen we have had for several years, therefore have dismissed two workers. Even so, we shall barely keep within the funds received. It hurts to close work in several places just now when women are more eager to listen to our message and to learn to read for them-

selves than ever before. In three new villages they are pleading for a teacher.

"One Biblewoman left us this month and we thought we might drop work in that village. But when we visited the village eighteen pupils, ages ranging from nine to forty-seven, followed us into the home of one of them, and the room filled up with other listeners. Fourteen of the pupils could already read the Bible; they recited over a hundred Bible verses from memory, seemed to have a very clear knowledge of the Way of Salvation, and I am sure we might call them Christians, though their names are not yet on the church roll.

"There was a wail from them all at the *thought* of their teacher leaving. How *could* we leave those women untaught? This Biblewoman is teaching in two other villages also where there are thirty to forty as eager to listen to our message and to learn to read."

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Maynard are Glad to be Back in Smyrna

Well, we are back in Turkey again and glad to be here. It is something like getting married. You still love the family in which you grew up. You love them as much as ever. But the new home you establish soon comes to be your real home. That is the place you cleave to. You want to get back to it when you leave, and when you do get back you experience a satisfaction not felt when away from it.

The old streets and shops seem friendly. One even accepts the slow way of doing things with a certain equanimity, not that he approves of it or likes it, but he understands it and holds his impatience for something else.

It is a pleasure to find people who welcome you heartily, people of a race that was hardly known to us a few years ago. Then there are old pupils, both girls and boys, who are so pleased to see us again. And when one takes up work again with new boys he finds an open-mindedness and seriousness and humanness that makes his work most satisfying and hopeful.

There is plenty of opportunity for a reasonable impatience with social and moral conditions that have worked sorrow for ages, but this is tempered with an awe at sight of many manful efforts on the part of the people and government to do away with these conditions. We are glad to have the opportunity of helping to prepare a generation which, we hope, will attack the evils with greater wisdom and zeal than their fathers have had opportunity to use.

And so we are back again and happy to be here. And we are glad we can still be a part of the American Board even though our financial support still comes from the college.

Miss Eunice Thomas Writes from Wenshan School, Foochow

"The attitude of students and teachers is much more normal and happy this term than it has been before since my return. We had much that was painful to recover from, and feel that we are well on the way to complete restoration. Now we have 71 in the High School, 123 in the Primary School; our enrollment, not counting the Kindergarten, is 194 in residence.

"We had avoided issues and proceeded on the principle that every girl *intended* to do right whether she *was* actually doing right at the moment or not. *Now* we are not handling the situation with gloves. We made an issue of such things as Christian Endeavor membership on the strictest terms and voluntary service in the churches in order that we might see who stood where.

"The results are very heartening. Practically every girl in school has shown herself on the Christian side, and every one of the 33 High School girls has rallied for some form of Christian service outside the school. The student elected to head up this work is a strong junior and has classified the girls well, putting into difficult Sunday School jobs the girls who could swing them, letting others play the organ or sing in the choir.

"Several of these volunteers will fall by the way, but their willingness to start shows that the schoolship has again found her course. We are ready for a period of fine development."

A Typical Tour of Grace McConnaughey's

"Back again from my tour, and have had a heavenly night's sleep without wakening once! My camp cot had sprung so many leaks and had been mended and burst again to such an extent that it was all waves and billows and this time in trying to reduce baggage to make animal hire less expensive, I took only a thin mattress and it was poor economy—as mine usually are! I had poor rest, and the last night rats were under and around me gnawing so that I had to drive them away several times in the night, and the bed did seem extra bumpy. In the morning I found that the boy had folded up the blanket and bed bag and stuck them under to have a place to keep them. I am going to make one more short trip and then will be through with trips for this season.

"I never had such kindness showered upon me as this trip brought forth. Everything that their poor larders afforded was brought forth and bestowed, not only while I was with them, but as I started away—dates, eggs, cakes, oil tea, and lotus-root flour. Well, I left more than one place with a tight throat.

Continued on Page 85

AROUND THE WORLD

COMFORTLESS AND ALONE

Recently a friend in Turkey attended the funeral of the six-year-old son of the head of a local middle school. In conversation with the man he ventured to speak of the happiness of life in the presence of God, but the sole comfort offered by other visitors was "What can you do? Do not be sad; it avails nothing." At the burial on the crest of a hill, the father was so alone! His family was not with him; those closest to him were three school teachers. Two "hodjas" chanted the Koran as the grave was filled in; but nowhere does the Koran say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The father sat and looked over the cemetery as it covered the slope below him, and over the city beyond, and at the mountains and sky still further away: city of the dead; city of the living; the throne of God; yet he was comfortless and alone.

VICTROLA RECORDS NEEDED

There is always a demand for Victrola records in good condition in various mission stations that own victrolas but have scant money with which to buy records. Think of a boarding school for boys and girls, off at the world's end, and a couple of dozen old records that have been used over and over again until they are hackneyed!

Anyone willing to send us a few *good* records may be sure they will be well used. We can usually meet the cost of shipping to the field. We would like to have included some of the best classical music, an occasional symphony, band music, especially marches, etc., but we care for only a moderate amount of jazz, though some popular music may well be included.

THE COST OF CONFESSING CHRIST

Two men from the upper castes in a village near Rahuri, India, one a Brahmin and the other a Maratha, recently took their stand before their fellow villagers as acknowledged Christians. It was an impressive ceremony, but this stand cost the young Brahmin a hard price, for his wife ran away with the baby, and his brother brought a gang of ruffians who threatened to beat him. The convert ran to the bungalow of Rev. J. L. Moulton. He said that he was no longer allowed to get water from the upper caste well, but had to secure it from the bed of the river along with the outcastes. Just at present he is living in another district until the storm blows over.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT MT. SILINDA

According to recent reports, Mt. Silinda Training School, South Africa, gives promise of becoming a training center for a much larger area than that of the American Board Mission. With the graduation last November of a promising class, the school expects to be able to supply the need for teachers in the outstation schools. With the establishment of the new Department of Native Education by the Government, however, there will be an ever increasing demand for well trained teachers and industrial specialists. The members of the new department have high ideals and aspirations for the native people, and Mr. Samuel Curtis, who is in charge of this branch of the work, looks forward to close coöperation and sympathy with them.

At present, the native students are receiving practice in teaching and responsibility for supervising others and the Student Committee has been taking an active part in the affairs of the school. Mr. Curtis feels that the students have shown a will to assume leadership which is most encouraging if properly directed. For example, because of the general interest among the boys in learning to speak English, they themselves have enforced a rule whereby everyone must speak English from four until six each day. And, with the aid of police appointed by the Student Committee, they see that the rule is thoroughly enforced!

A SMYRNA MILESTONE

International College, Smyrna, passed a milestone in its reconstruction last June when for the first time since the reoccupation in 1922 it graduated a senior class. Of the graduates, three are continuing their studies at the University of London and one at the Sorbonne in Paris, one is joining the teaching staff of the college, and others are going directly to work in Smyrna.

A Typical Christian Village, Inhambane

This is Mbilane near Mavume, Zavala. Note the comparative attractiveness of the huts and the whiteness of their mud walls. This village consists of nineteen huts, in each of which lives a Christian family.

Photo by J. D. Taylor

THE DEDICATION OF THE BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Mrs. Bridgman, as chairman, is speaking in two languages through interpreters. The building is in memory of her husband. It accommodates 45 patients; it has six wards including an isolation ward, and an "operating theatre."

JOHANNESBURG YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In comparing the Johannesburg, South Africa, District today, with the mission field of five years ago, Mrs. Clara Davis Bridgman writes: "Five years ago there was one day school in the Johannesburg District; today there are six schools with 1,162 pupils and 26 teachers to keep us guessing as to how to make ends meet. The little old building at Newclare is more than bursting, and outdoor classes is the only possible solution for these poor teachers with their 479 children."

AFRICA GOES ON THE AIR THROUGH STATION W.E.E.I. BOSTON, MASS.

The traditions of Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were splendidly upheld on Saturday morning, October 27 when Ruth Dart and Jean Ennis, daughters of F. S. Dart of Dondi, West Africa, and Dr. Merlin W. Ennis of Sachikela, West Africa, put on a program of Umbundu songs and bird calls as a part of the famous Big Brother's Radio Rascals' usual Saturday morning entertainment.

In the broadcasting room, surrounded by a group of admiring youngsters, as well as by adult listeners, Ruth and Jean each spoke, telling something of the customs, living conditions, and temperament of the people among whom they had lived, and a bit about the climate and geographical location of their African homes. Following this Ruth gave African bird calls with brief explanations of each call, and Ruth and Jean together sang native songs.

Big Brother and The Secretary were profuse in their congratulations. Station W.E.E.I. which is the broadcasting unit of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston is one of the largest broadcasting stations in America.

The Big Brother Club under Big Brother, Bob Emery, with its thousands of boy and girl members throughout America, bids fair to become an internationally known organization.

"Oh, wouldn't it be great if dad could have been listening in!" exclaimed Ruth and Jean in unison as they came out of the broadcasting studio with cheeks red with excitement.

NEW ADMINISTRATIVE PROCEDURE IN JAPAN

On September 9 the Committee Ad Interim of the Japan Mission voted to approve the following statement as to the proceduce for making official requests of the American Board:

The proper method of making official requests to the American Board is through the Kumiai Body, the Central Committee or the Mission; according to the classification already determined upon, namely:

(1) Requests relating to work classified as "evangelistic" should be made through the Kumiai Body.

(2) Those relating to the institutions under the control of the Central Committee, through that committee.

(3) All other requests should be made through the Mission.

Therefore direct requests (i.e. not made through one of these bodies) whether made by institutions or individuals should not be regarded as official.

Copies of the statement were to be sent to the American Board through the foreign secretaries, to the Kumiai Body, and to the institutions in which our missionaries are now coöperating.

Photo by J. D. Taylor

THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGMAN HOSPITAL, JOHANNESBURG, AUGUST 25, 1928

This shows a part of the European and native crowd (more than 1,000 people) with a suggestion of plenty of land and fresh air about the building. Mr. Walter Webber is giving the financial statement.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF
JAMES RICHARDS
BORN IN ABINGTON
FEBRUARY 23, 1784

A MEMBER OF THE
"HAYSTACK BAND"
WHICH LED TO THE
ORGANIZATION IN 1810 OF THE
AMERICAN BOARD OF COM-
MISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN
MISSIONS
APPOINTED A MISSIONARY TO
CEYLON IN 1815
DIED THERE IN 1822
"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD"

This tablet presented by
William S. O'Brien in 1928

Memorial Tablet to James Richards, erected in the Congregational Church of Abington, Massachusetts, and dedicated November 18, 1928, when an historical sermon was preached by Secretary Patton from the text "He being dead yet speaketh."

James Richards was the right-hand man of Samuel J. Mills in organizing what has come to be known as the "Haystack Band" at Williams College in 1806. His name stands second on the monument at Williamstown. He graduated at Andover Seminary, but did not sail with the original five in 1812, having been advised by the Prudential Committee to pursue medical studies for two years. In 1815, with several others, he embarked from Newburyport, to found the Ceylon Mission, the second mission of the Board. Located at Tellipallai, in Jaffna, he had hardly begun work when he contracted tuberculosis, to which he succumbed in 1822. Although his career was a brief one, he made a deep impression upon his fellow missionaries and the native people of the Island by reason of his strong faith and his patience in suffering. His grave, near the Church at Tellipallai, is one of the shrines of the missionary movement. Richards was the only one of the "Haystack Band" who actually reached the field and became a missionary. Most appropriately the text chosen for the Memorial Tablet is the one used on the Williamstown monument: "The field is the world."

REMEMBERING THE KING

The Board, on December 19, sent the following cablegram to the London Missionary Society: *"The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions one quarter of whose fields of work are under British possessions, devoutly joins in the prayers for the recovery of the King Emperor."*

The reply from our L. M. S. friends on the 20th was as follows: *"Secretaries London Missionary Society deeply grateful for prudential committee's cable forwarding same to Buckingham Palace and to Press."*

A TURKEY MISSION WEDDING IN AUBURNDALE

A few days before Christmas, the evening of Friday, December 21, 1928, Miss Edith Sanderson of Brousa and Rev. Leslie J. Adkins, also a member of the Turkey Mission for four years, were married in the parlors of the Walker Missionary Home in Auburndale. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Russell Stafford, Pastor of the Old South Church in Boston of which Mr. Adkins has been Assistant Pastor since March, 1928. He was assisted by Secretary Cornelius H. Patton of the Board. Secretary Emeritus James L. Barton gave the bride away; Rev. William H. McCance of Satara, India, Acting-Candidate Secretary, was best man; Miss Carolyn D. Smiley of Satara, now Associate Secretary, and Miss Agnes S. Kelsey, Assistant Secretary, were bridesmaids; and Sally Ann Adkins, three-year-old daughter of the groom, was ring-bearer.

Miss Sanderson wore a wedding gown of white georgette; her veil was made in China. The bridesmaids wore lavender crepe de Chine and carried bouquets of red roses; little Sally Ann, golden-haired, blue-eyed, robed in filmy white and carrying a tiny bouquet, was one of the prettiest bits of a lovely picture.

The wedding was very informal for it was possible to invite but few. The guests were from the Old South Church, the office of the American Board, and the homes in Auburndale of missionaries on furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Adkins are "at home" to all their friends at 161 Grove Street, Auburndale, Mass.

TURKEY ACKNOWLEDGES ITS NEED OF TEACHERS

The need of teachers in Turkey is so great that the Government is subsidizing young men and women in the government normal schools. Not only are tuition and food given those in training, but also are clothes and allowances furnished those who agree to teach in the schools of the country for eight years. Last summer, for the first time, teachers institutes were held throughout Turkey.

PERSONALIA

Miss Eva May Swift, founder of the Lucy Perry Noble Institute in Madura, is Vice-president of the Madras Representative Christian Council and therefore a member of its Executive Committee. She is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Madura Church Council, and serves on a number of its committees. She is on the Church Committee and is a member of its committees. She receives unnumbered requests to "come and inspire us."

Miss Margaret Dow of Pawtucket, has just been appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions as a short-term missionary in China. Miss Dow was born in Pawtucket, is a graduate of the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, and has taken extension work at Brown University. She will sail for Peking the first of the year, where she will undoubtedly become a private secretary to one of the missionary executives.

Rev. Edward L. Nolting, Warden of American College, Madura, is getting into closer and closer touch with the students. He is also connected with the work of preparation for the coming meetings of the General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation and has tried to share what this has meant to him with the young men. The visit of the General Secretary of the Federation and the contemplated visit of several of the delegates is doing much to interest the American College men in the activities of students in other countries.

Miss Lucille Day, formerly teacher in the American Girls' Lycee, Brousa, Turkey, is teaching in the Girls' School, Salonica, Greece, this year.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Sherman Gillett began an intensive campaign of calls on their return to Sendai after their furlough. They made forty-one calls in three days, but after that the business was pursued in a more leisurely manner. They found all their belongings in "a most delightful state of mold and mildew," for the year had been a very damp and rainy one. Mrs. Gillett's girls' clubs, sewing class, and cooking class were under way very soon after their arrival. In addition to his usual duties Mr. Gillett is teaching in a government high school for girls.

Mr. Dato, a banker in Kyoto, thirty-six years ago was a rather thoughtless student in the Mission school for boys in Okayama and Miss Alice Adams taught him English and Bible. When this school was given up one of Dr. Pettee's American friends sent him money to continue his education until he was ready for business. He corresponded with this benefactor for some years but in course of time lost his address and could not get in touch with him. Now over fifty years old he is planning to retire and before doing so wanted to return to the benefactor the money he had received from him; passing through Okayama he called on Miss Adams and asked her if she knew anything about this American. When she said she did not, he told her that, since he could not get in touch with his benefactor, he wanted to express his gratitude by making a gift to his former teacher for her settlement work; then he handed her a sheet of paper with 300 yen folded inside it.

Dr. and Mrs. William T. Lawrence, on their way from Cape Town to Mt. Silinda, spent two days in Salisbury with Mr. and Mrs. Emory D. Alvord, formerly of the Rhodesia Mission. While there Dr. Lawrence had a very satisfactory interview with Dr. Fleming, the Medical Director, discussing at length plans for the future conduct of the medical work of the Mission. Dr. Fleming was sympathetic and promised to help in every way within his power.

Word has been received of the death of Mr. Charles F. Ranney. Mr. Ranney sailed from the United States on Dec. 31, 1913, arriving in Constantinople on January 24, 1914, and went to Aintab to act as treasurer and business agent for that station. He returned to New York in 1917, returning two years later to spend a year as assistant to Dr. Peet in the Treasury office in Constantinople. Shortly after his return to America the second time, he was married in 1920 to Miss Emma Nickerson, who survives him.

Rev. and Mrs. Duane Victor Waln, studying the language in Coimbra, Portugal, were in November taking dictation in Portuguese, translating and retelling stories in that language, and were about to begin a study of Portuguese history. People seem anxious to make them feel at home; Mrs. Waln received many gifts from Portuguese on her birthday.

The Hausske Male Quartette, Clara J. Hausske, Director, Albert C. Hausske, Manager, has been completed by the addition to its roll of Jean Willis at Taiku, Shansi on October 27, 1928. Its other members are Trevor Allan, who also joined at Taiku five years ago, Harland August and Albert Jacob, who joined in Chicago.

Rev. Emmons E. White of Aruppukottai, South India, has been obliged to call attention to our failure to insert notices in the *Chronicle* of the birth of his two children, Laura Ruth Packium, born January 29, 1922, and William Robinson, born July 12, 1928. We regret omission of this sort. In this case the fault is wholly ours, but our *Chronicle* columns all too often fail to give notices of engagements, marriages, births, deaths and the like because the news never reaches us. Will not the missionaries and their families in America kindly see to it that Secretary H. E. B. Case receives full information as early as possible.

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Continued from Page 80

"At the last place I had expected to stay a night on my way out, but because of difficulty in hiring animals my plans miscarried, and I simply sent a 'word of mouth letter' to the people that I would not be there. But the man didn't tell them until next day. I found as I came home that they had made such preparations that I vowed that no change of plan would be made again without very good reason. They are so alone, and the coming of an outsider does mean so much to them. One woman who used to be in a woman's school lives there and is so hungry for fellowship. She has a flat-roofed house and she said, 'I don't know how many times I went up to the roof of the house and looked off to see if you were coming until darkness came to the valley, and then I gave you up.'

"One could—after a fashion— ride in a cart from there, and I was so tired of sitting on a donkey longer that even bumping over stones in the dry river bed was preferable, so they hired a seat for me on a merchant's big cart which was coming to the city next day. It was a very interesting experience which I had never had before. The man was a dealer in vinegar and sauces and carried big casks in the back of his cart, taking accounts with small shops along the way. Sometimes we stopped only a short time, and sometimes longer, and I just sat on the cart waiting for him. His animals were splendid strong mules, the finest I have seen in China, and he was very good to me.

"Chung Yan is the home of a model baby and her mother. I went with them to Sunday dinner. It is surprising how calmly they take such things, and with how little fuss. I had spoken to a full house at twelve, had closed the service promptly at one, and had thought they would want to be off at once for home to get the meal ready for me, but nothing was said about going and since there were men in from the villages, Christians, I stayed and talked with them. Finally she said, 'Now perhaps we would better go,' and we ambled off, but with what leisure! Then the baby was put to sleep after his feeding and her husband began the process of making *chiao tze,* which is a long process for each one must be individually wrapped like a tart, and when one eats from 20 to 50 each that is no small task. In time all was ready, but without any haste or flurry. All was calm and deliberate. Will we of the West ever achieve such a state?

"One thing makes us not so glad about our 'Model Shansi Province.' One day as we were traveling along the Yellow River I saw a great group of people on the shore and a boat plying its way across. Upon nearing them, they proved to be over 100 heavily armed men who were opium smugglers. Shansi men going over to Shensi and taking our altogether too scarce silver (paper local bills are used almost entirely here) to buy opium and then coming home with the deadly stuff to this province. No one dares touch them, for they are armed. Governor Yen is so busy with the war that that and bound feet and education have all gone by the board these last two years, and Shensi is going ahead with good schools and unbinding of feet and, of course, is making much money from her opium.

"I was astonished after this trip, which was entirely in Shansi, to find what very poor government schools there are everywhere—if there are any at all—and how everywhere, almost without exception, the little girls have bound feet. There are bright spots, but they are few and far between and will be until the fighting is over."

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THE CHRONICLE

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

November 19. From Vancouver, Mr. Albert C. Grimes, returning to North China Mission.

December 8. From New York, Miss Florence M. Ridley, *en route* to Marathi Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

September 13. In Beirut, Syria. Miss Dorothy K. Barker, *en route* to Aleppo, joining the Turkey Mission.

September 18. In Yokohama, Japan, *en route* to Matsuyama, Miss Katherine Merrill, returning to the Mission.

September 22. In Kobe, Japan, *en route* to Kyoto, Mr. Dana T. Warren, joining the staff of Doshisha University.

October 4. In Tientsin, China, *en route* to Lintsing, Rev. and Mrs. Dean R. Wickes, returning to the North China Mission.

October 19. In Bombay, India, *en route* to Sholapur, Miss Dorothy B. Allen and Miss Rachel P. Barnes, joining the Marathi Mission.

October 25. In Foochow, China, Mr. George M. Newell, Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard and Miss Bertha H. Allen, returning to the Foochow Mission.

November 13. In Bombay, India, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Lester A. Hill, joining the Marathi Mission.

November 29. In Sofia, Bulgaria, Rev. and Mrs. Edward B. Haskell, returning to the Bulgaria Mission.

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December 2. In Madura, India, Miss Dorothy F. Patton, joining the Madura Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

November 16. In New York, Mrs. Katherine V. Gates of Bombay, India.

November 26. In Montreal, Mrs. Alan B. Taylor of Durban, South Africa.

MARRIAGES

December 8. At Madura, India, Miss Dorothy F. Patton, and Mr. Edson C. Lockwood of American College.

December 21. At Auburndale, Mass., Miss Edith Sanderson, formerly of Brousa, Turkey, and Rev. Leslie J. Adkins, formerly of Adana, Turkey.

DEATHS

December 3. At Toronto, Canada, Mrs. Walter T. (Amy Johnston) Currie, aged 27 years, formerly of West Africa Mission.

December 9. At Los Angeles, Rev. James D. Eaton, D.D., aged 80 years, formerly of Mexico Mission.

REV. PHILIP DELAPORTE

The little church of a rural community in the heart of the ripening cornfields at Gridley, Illinois, was crowded to its doors on Tuesday, September 18, 1928. The funeral services of its pastor, Rev. Philip Delaporte, were being conducted under the direction of Associate State Superintendent of the Illinois Congregational Conference, assisted by Rev. Robert W. Gammon and by Rev. Albert W. Palmer, formerly pastor of the Central Union Church, Honolulu; Mr. Delaporte had been the representative of this church in the Marshall Islands of the South Pacific from 1906 to 1915.

Philip Delaporte was born in Worms, France in 1867. Coming to the United States at the age of fourteen, he completed his education in California, and in 1894 went to the South Sea Islands as a missionary under the auspices of the American Board. In 1898 he returned to France

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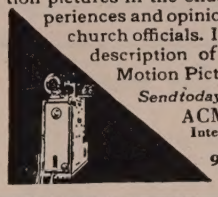

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and there married Miss Salome Schaefer. They labored together in the South Sea Islands until 1915 when they returned to the United States. Most of Mr. Delaporte's ministry in the Islands was on the Island of Nauru. Here he accomplished the great task of translating the whole Bible into the native tongue; one year was spent at Oberlin College in connection with this work. He also translated a number of hymns, making a collection which is still being used on the island.

Dr. Palmer, speaking in behalf of Central Union Church, told of some of the hardships endured by this its missionary: the long periods, sometimes fifteen months at a time, when no rain fell and there was nothing to drink but the brackish water from the well in the coral reef. He spoke of their work: the task, slow and difficult, of leading on inexperienced people into a higher Christian life; the tremendous task of translating the Bible into their language; the constant example to be set before them of Christian character and forbearance.

All this they accomplished while bringing up their family of little children on this lonely and isolated island until the exigencies of war made necessary a return to Hawaii and then to the mainland. Their work still goes forward under native leadership trained by themselves.

Mr. Delaporte's pastorates since returning to America have been in Gregory, South Dakota; Cole Camp and Neosha, Missouri and the past two years in Gridley. Mrs. Delaporte and all the children were present at the service. Paul, the oldest son, is Athletic Instructor in the city schools of Havelock, Nebraska; Philip is in college; the two older daughters are married, Mrs. Paul F. Doescher, formerly connected with W.B.M.I., being in charge of young people's work in the Illinois Conference, and Mrs. Carl F. Thompson being instructor in music at Drury College, while the youngest is living at home. All but one were born in the little island of Nauru; it was a splendid family group that thus gathered to do honor to husband and father.

Thus in a quiet Illinois village ended the life of one who was truly in the succession of the missionaries to Hawaii and the Islands beyond.

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In January the *American Missionary Magazine* will be consolidated with *The Congregationalist*, so that beginning with that month the service rendered by the *American Missionary* for our Homeland work will be rendered through the issue of *The Congregationalist* published the last week of the month, with such added material as may be desirable to maintain continuity of certain important weekly features regularly published by *The Congregationalist*.

The Missionary Herald, representing our foreign missionary work, and *The Congregationalist*, representing all of our Congregational interests weekly, with one issue each month devoted to the Homeland, Missionary, Educational, and Ministerial work, should be in every Congregational home.

This offer is intended for New Subscribers, but renewals will be accepted in the Combination.

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A Suggestion For The New Year

Fellow Christians:

Out of the welter of the persecutions of Abdul Hamid and the Young Turk party, a remnant of the Armenian nation found refuge in New England. Fifteen thousand of them settled in Greater Boston. These early organized a church, since to them the Church of Christ is dearer than life.

The First Armenian Evangelical Church of Boston, one of the oldest Armenian churches in this country, now financially independent, has made use from the beginning of Pilgrim Hall in the Congregational House. In spite of its many handicaps, the Church in its work for its people has remarkably prospered.

The time has come when a church edifice of their own is imperative. At great sacrifice they themselves have subscribed $22,000 and pledge another $10,000 towards a $100,000 church. The Congregational Church Building Society promises $10,000 aid. Thus nearly one half of the amount necessary is assured.

These, our Armenian fellow citizens and brethren in Christ, come from all parts of Turkey and represent to us the spirit and soul of that persecuted Christian race. They are amongst us not from choice. They are members of the most persecuted Christian nation of history. They make substantial American citizens. They are Christian in devotion and service, patrons of education, and loyal to the land of their adoption.

They are ready to do for themselves even beyond their financial ability. They cannot do it all. We who never knew persecution and exile must complete the amount needed to give these, our guests, a place of worship worthy of their own sacrificial service and our own sense of gratitude.

Thankful for that from which we have been spared and appreciative of the need and the devoted spirit of our exile guests, let us now express our gratitude in terms that will complete this imperatively needed place of worship.

In the name of Christian fellowship,

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